

No.12 TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION  
DC  
INC.

# BATMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUG.  
SEPT.

WAR  
SAVINGS BONDS  
AND STAMPS  
KEEP 'EM  
ROLLING!



ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE

*Editorial Advisory Board  
of the*

**SUPERMAN DC  
COMIC MAGAZINES:**

**JOSETTE FRANK**

Staff Advisor,

Children's Book Committee,  
Child Study Association of America

**DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN**

Department of English Literature,  
New York University

**RUTH EASTWOOD PERL, Ph.D.**

Associate Member,

American Psychological Association

**DR. W. W. D. SONES**

Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study,  
University of Pittsburgh

**DR. ROBERT THORNDIKE**

Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

**Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.**

Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation  
and Member, Board of Directors,  
Catholic Youth Organization

**The following magazines  
all bear this trademark**



**as your guar-  
antee of the  
best in comic  
reading.**

**MONTHLY MAGAZINES:**

ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS  
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS  
DETECTIVE COMICS  
FLASH COMICS  
MORE FUN COMICS  
SENSATION COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

**BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:**

(Issued every other month)

ALL-FLASH  
ALL-STAR COMICS  
BATMAN  
SUPERMAN

**QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:**

(Issued every third month)

GREEN LANTERN  
LEADING COMICS  
WONDER WOMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

—and MUTT & JEFF  
(Issued twice a year)

**GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING**

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America



**KIT CARSON: TRAIL BLAZER AND SCOUT**

By SHANNON ZARST

Illustrated by HARRY DAUGHERTY

The story of Kit Carson's life is a long and astonishing series of adventures. From that fateful day when Kit, only sixteen, and small for his age, ran away from the saddler's shop and joined up with a caravan heading West, his life was packed with danger and daring.

It took strong men to stand the hardships of the long trek across the trackless desert to Santa Fe, and Kit was only a boy. He was little, but he was determined to show them all that he could take his share.

The rugged life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains, living in the open in constant danger from Indians and animals, taught Kit Carson many valuable things. Then, when the time came that the Government needed his help as guide and scout in pushing the frontiers of America to the Pacific Ocean, he was ready and able.

He knew the trail as few men did. He had the gift of leading men. He had unlimited courage. And his ability to handle Indians whether in a fight or in a parley was almost miraculous. No wonder his fame spread all through the United States. Tales of his courage and his exploits were told everywhere and he became a hero for boys to read about and men to admire.

This is a new book. Ask your librarian for it.

**SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE**

(Code Krypton No. 9)

ORPQC CQN JGRB FRCQ KXWMB JWM  
BCJYVB!

# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

SYMBOL OF THE BATMAN'S VICTORIES OVER CRIME IS HIS VAST HALL OF TROPHIES! HERE, IN A SECRET CHAMBER, ARE HOUSED FOR ALL TIME HUNDREDS OF ODD SOUVENIRS OF THE BATMAN'S NEVER-CEASING WAR AGAINST VILLAINY.

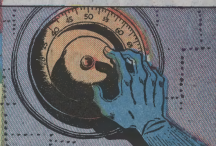
AND PERHAPS THE STRANGEST EXHIBIT IN THE BATMAN'S AWESOME COLLECTION OF TROPHIES IS A STEEL BULLET-PROOF VEST... A VEST OF ARMOR THAT AFFECTED THE LIVES OF THREE BROTHERS WHO FLOUTED THE LAW...

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS REVEALED THE AMAZING CASE HISTORY OF TROPHY NO. 41... IN THE STARTLING STORY OF...

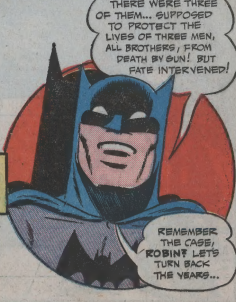
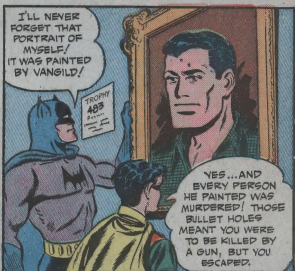
**"BROTHERS IN CRIME!"**

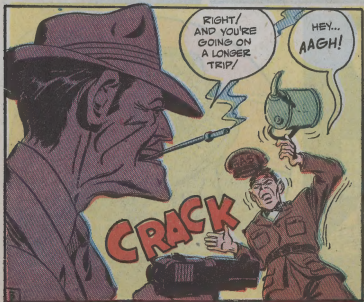
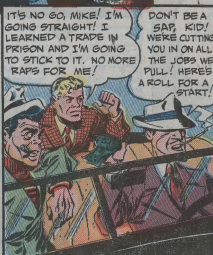
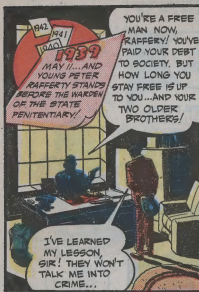


A GLOVED HAND REACHES GINGERLY FOR THE COMBINATION LOCK OF A SIX-INCH-THICK STEEL DOOR!



THE TWIRL OF A DIAL... A CLICK OF TUMBLERS... AND THE IMPENETRABLE DOOR SWINGS OPEN..





WOUNDED MORTALLY,  
THE STATION  
ATTENDANT DRAGS  
HIS WAY TO THE  
TELEPHONE...

RAFFERTY BROTHERS,  
THREE OF THEM...HELD  
UP STATION...SHOT  
MY BUDDY...  
AND...

FIND INSIDE A COTTAGE RETREAT, MILES OFF THE  
STATE HIGHWAY...

YOU'RE...  
YOU'RE  
KILLERS!

PIPE DOWN,  
PUNK! LOOK AT  
THE TAKE! IT'LL  
LAST US A WEEK!  
TURN ON THE RADIO  
INSTEAD OF GABBSING  
...SEE WHAT  
THE COPS KNOW!

...CLICK...  
HELD UP A GAS  
STATION AND SHOT  
ITS ATTENDANTS!  
THEY HAVE BEEN  
IDENTIFIED AS THE  
...

HEY...  
DO YOU  
HEAR  
THAT?

I'M  
GETTING  
OUT OF  
HERE! I  
DIDN'T DO  
ANYTHING!

COME BACK  
HERE, YOU  
FOOL! YOU'RE  
IN THIS NOW  
UP TO  
YOUR  
NECK!

THINK THE  
COPS WILL  
BELIEVE YOU?  
DON'T BE A  
SAP! YOU'RE  
WANTER KID...  
JUST LIKE  
ME!

YEAH... AND  
YOU MIGHT AS  
WELL HANG FOR A  
WOLF AS FOR A  
SHEEP!

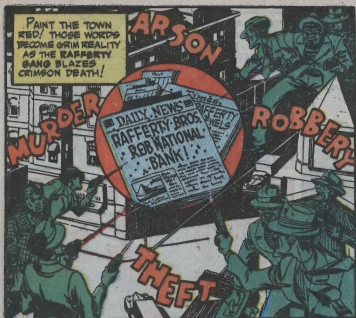
I...I... GUESS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!..

THAT'S THE  
SPIRIT, KID!  
AND NON WE'LL  
MAKE YA ONE OF  
US! WE  
GOT SOMETHING  
FOR YOU!

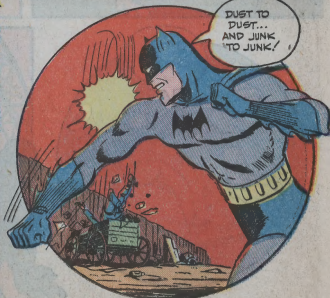
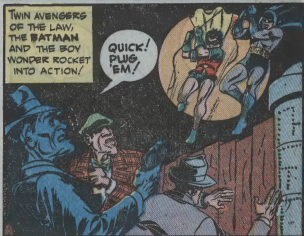
A BULLET-  
PROOF VEST!  
YA CAN LAUGH  
AT THE COPPERS!  
THEY CAN'T  
HURT YA!

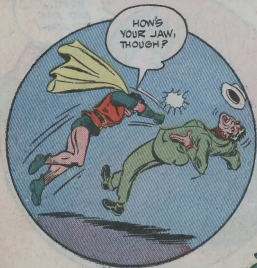
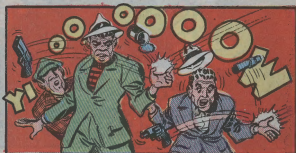
SURE! SEE?  
WE BOTH WEAR  
ONE! YOU'LL  
BE SAFE AS  
A BUG IN A  
RUG!  
HA! HA!

THE  
RAFFERTY  
BROTHERS! BOY,  
WHAT A COMBINATION!  
WE'LL GET A GANG  
TOGETHER AND  
PAINT THE  
TOWN RED!



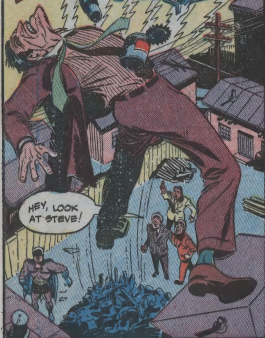
BUT MIKE RAFFERTY HAS SPOKEN TOO SOON, FOR THAT NIGHT, AS TWO CLOAKED FIGURES FLIT THROUGH THE MOONLIT STREETS-





A PERILOUS MOMENT... AND JUST AS STEVE RAFFERTY IS ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER... THE CRANE DIPS DOWN AND ...

HELP



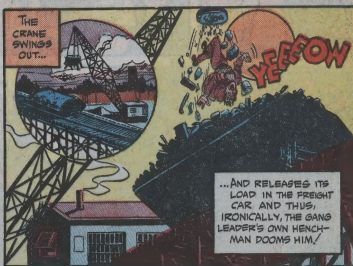
HE'S MAGNETIZED! THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CRANE WON'T LET GO OF HIS METAL VEST. HE'LL BE DROPPED TO HIS DEATH IF THAT OPERATOR CUTS OFF THE CURRENT. I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM, EVEN IF HE'S A KILLER!



BUT A TREACHEROUS BLOW FROM BEHIND FELLS THE GALLANT DARK KNIGHT!

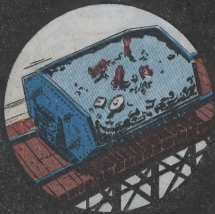


THE CRANE SWINGS OUT...



...AND RELEASES ITS LOAD IN THE FREIGHT CAR AND THUS, IRONICALLY, THE GANG LEADER'S OWN HENCHMAN DOOMS HIM!

"SAFE AS A BUG IN A RUG!" VAIN BOAST... FOR STEVE RAFFERTY'S BULLETPROOF VEST HAS BROUGHT HIM DEATH!



MEANWHILE, ROBIN SPRINGS TO THE RESCUE OF HIS DAZED COMPANION...



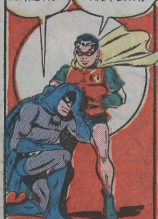
Suddenly, THE SHRIEK BLAST OF A WHISTLE ...

THE COPS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



SO THEY GOT AWAY! WELL, WE BROKE UP THEIR PLANS, ANYHOW!

AND ONE OF THEM WON'T DO ANY MORE PLANNING, EITHER, STEVE RAFFERTY!



Later...

THE POLICE FOUND THIS CLIPPING OF THE YACHT CLUB AFFAIR IN STEVE RAFFERTY'S POCKET! SAY... THAT'S TONIGHT!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!



MILES AWAY, AT THE EXCLUSIVE YACHT CLUB, FAMOUS SOCIALITES ADMIRE THE DISPLAY OF VICTORY TROPHIES!

AREN'T THEY GORGEOUS?

AND ALMOST PRICELESS, MY DEAR! SOME OF THEM ARE SOLID GOLD AND OTHERS ARE DIAMOND STUDD!



STICK 'EM UP, GENTS!



OR WE'LL MAKE LEAD SAILORS OUT OF YA!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT—THOSE TROPHIES CAN'T BE DUPLICATED!

WE CAN'T, EH?



BUT BEFORE THE GUN—MAD MOBSTER CAN SHOOT...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PETE? WHY'NT YA LET ME FEED HIM SLUGS?

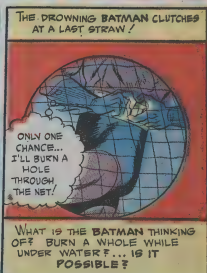
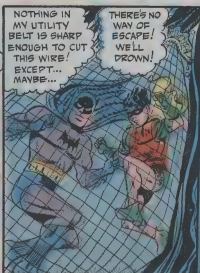
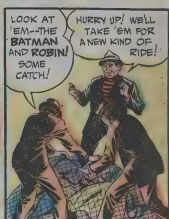
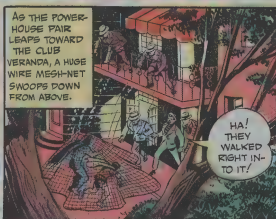
AW, I PUT HIM OUTA THE WAY, DIDN'T I?



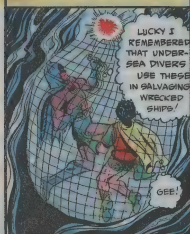
EVERYTHING'S SET, MIKE! THE BOYS ARE ALL READY!

GOOD! THE BATMAN'S PROBABLY PICKED UP THE BAIT FROM SEARCHING STEVE'S CLOTHES! WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!

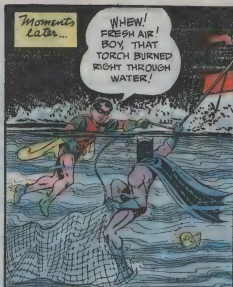




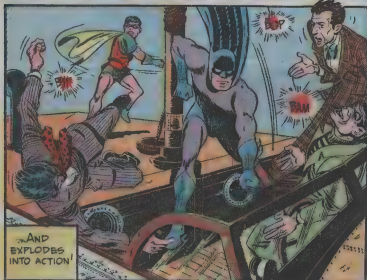
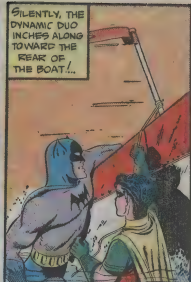
WITH A TINY OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH, THE BATMAN SHOOTS A STREAM OF TERRIFIC HEAT AGAINST THE WIRE NET!



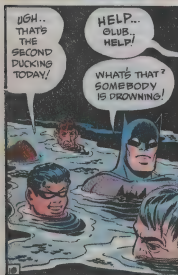
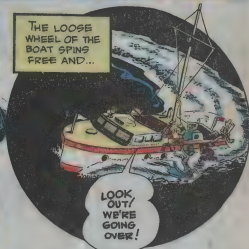
Moments Later...



SILENTLY, THE DYNAMIC DUO INCHES ALONG TOWARD THE REAR OF THE BOAT!...



THE LOOSE WHEEL OF THE BOAT SPINS FREE AND...



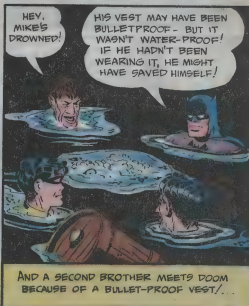
BATMAN IS RIGHT! ALONE IN THE DARK, MIKE RAFFERTY.

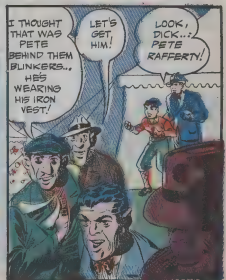
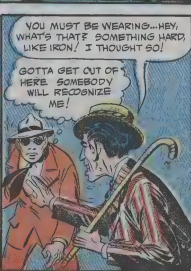
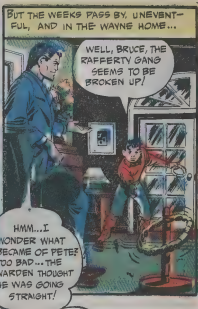
MY VEST... GLUB... ITS WEIGHING ME DOWN - HELP... AGH!



HEY, MIKE'S DROWNED!

HIS VEST MAY HAVE BEEN BULLETPROOF - BUT IT WASN'T WATER-PROOF! IF HE HADN'T BEEN WEARING IT, HE MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIMSELF!





THE DYNAMIC DUO RACES BEHIND A NEARBY TENT...

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELING IN BETTER CIRCLES!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND, AND YOU GO OUT HERE!

THIS IS BETTER THAN THE BRASS RING!

PETE QUIT THE GANG, AND NOW THEY'RE OUT TO GET HIM! BUT I WANT HIM FIRST!

ABRUPTLY, THE OMINOUS CLOUDS OVERHEAD MASS, AND A THUNDER-STORM BURSTS LOOSE WITH THE FURY OF THE HEAVENS!

THE STORM TORE THOSE WIRES DOWN! IT'S DARK IN THAT HOME... MAYBE I CAN GET SHELTER THERE!

INSIDE, THE DIM LIGHT OF A WAXYRING CANDLE ILLUMINATES A STRANGE SCENE.

CERTAINLY YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE!

SH...OUR LITTLE GRANDSON IS BEING OPERATED ON... EMERGENCY APPENDIX! THE LIGHTS WENT OUT SUDDENLY!

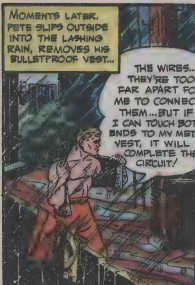
HERE'S SOME HOT COFFEE, MISTER. YOU MUST BE COLD!

GEE, THANKS, MA'AM!

WHY DID THE LIGHTS GO OUT? THE DOCTOR SAYS CANDLE LIGHT IS DANGEROUS. HE NEEDS STEADY ELECTRIC LIGHT TO PERFORM THE OPERATION!

GOSH! I WISH I COULD HELP! THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SWELL TO ME. RIGHT IN THE MIST OF THEIR OWN TROUBLES, SAY... I CAN DO SOMETHING!

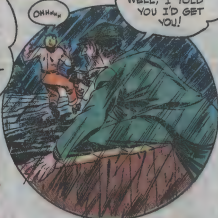
MOMENTS LATER,  
PETE SLIPS OUTSIDE  
INTO THE LASHING  
RAIN, REMOVES HIS  
BULLETPROOF VEST...



THE WIRES...  
THEY'RE TOO  
FAR APART FOR  
ME TO CONNECT  
THEM...BUT IF  
I CAN TOUCH BOTH  
ENDS TO MY METAL  
VEST, IT WILL  
COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT!

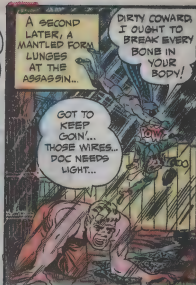
SUDDENLY...  
A GUN  
BARKS...

OH...OH...



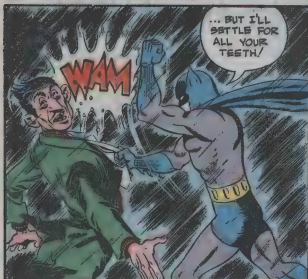
SO YOU  
THOUGHT YOU  
COULD RUN OUT  
ON THE MOB, EH?  
WELL, I TOLD  
YOU I'D GET  
YOU!

A SECOND  
LATER, A  
MANTLED FORM  
LUNGES AT THE  
ASSASSIN...



DIRTY COWARD,  
I OUGHT TO  
BREAK EVERY  
BONE IN  
YOUR  
BODY!

GOT TO  
KEEP GOIN'...  
THOSE WIRES...  
DOC NEEDS  
LIGHT...



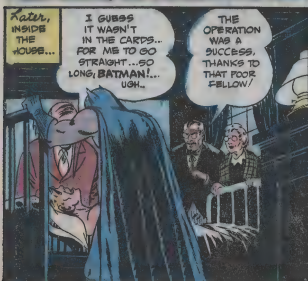
... BUT I'LL  
SETTLE FOR  
ALL YOUR  
TEETH!

WAM



NICE GOING,  
KID...I'LL  
GET YOU  
INSIDE  
NOW...

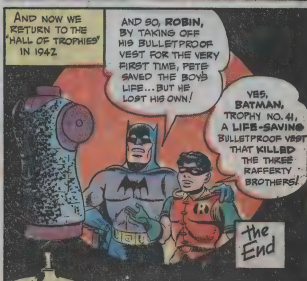
I GUESS  
I MADE IT...  
BATMAN!  
THE LIGHTS  
ARE ON...BUT  
ITS LIGHTS  
OUT FOR ME!



Kater,  
INSIDE  
THE  
HOUSE...

I GUESS  
IT WASN'T  
IN THE CARDS...  
FOR ME TO GO  
STRAIGHT...SO  
LONG, BATMAN!...  
UGH...

THE  
OPERATION  
WAS A  
SUCCESS,  
THANKS TO  
THAT POOR  
FELLOW!



AND NOW WE  
RETURN TO THE  
'HALL OF TROPHIES'  
IN 1942

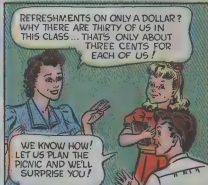
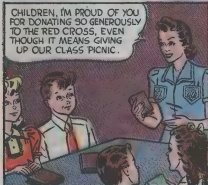
AND SO, ROBIN,  
BY TAKING OFF  
HIS BULLETPROOF  
VEST FOR THE VERY  
FIRST TIME, PETE  
SAVED THE BOY'S  
LIFE...BUT HE  
LOST HIS OWN!

YES,  
BATMAN,  
TROPHY NO. 41,  
A LIFE-SAVING  
BULLETPROOF VEST  
THAT KILLED  
THE THREE  
RAFFERTY  
BROTHERS!

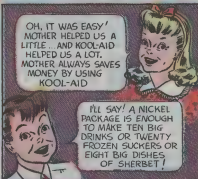
the  
End

# DON & NANCY

... COME TO THE RESCUE OF  
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC  
... AND THEY ALL HAVE A  
WONDERFUL TIME!



## AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...



## KOOL-AID Costs So Little You Can Have It Often!

TELL your mother about Kool-Aid, how extra good it is in so many different ways. Once she discovers how swell it tastes and how little it costs, you'll be having Kool-Aid drinks real often. Recipes on package tell how to make frozen suckers and ice cream sherbert, too. Ask mother to buy some Kool-Aid today! Try all seven flavors!

## BOYS! GIRLS! TRY KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM

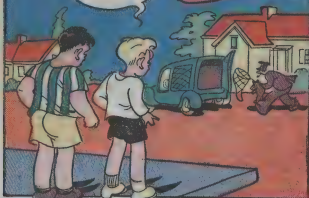


HAVE YOU tried Kool-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes in five different flavors, every one extra tasty and chewy. And for blowing bubbles, Kool-Aid Bubble Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long, long time. Remember that, and get more fun for your money. Always ask for KOOL-AID Bubble Gum. PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. • CHICAGO



# BUDDY

GOSH!  
THERE'S THE  
DOG  
CATCHER!



PSEWEE NIMMO  
IS BEING KEPT  
IN AFTER SCHOOL,  
HE DONT KNOW  
ABOUT THIS! WHERE'S  
HIS DOG?



THERE HE  
IS NOW!  
HY-AH!  
HY-AH!  
SPORT!!



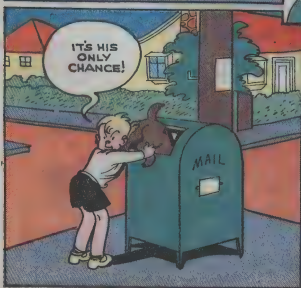
... BUT  
HURRY!  
THE WAGON  
IS COMING  
DOWN THIS  
WAY!!



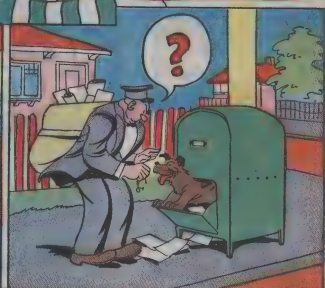
GOTCHA!



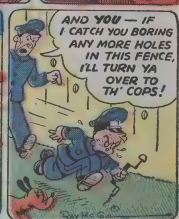
IT'S HIS  
ONLY  
CHANCE!



?



# GEE MAN



DON'T FORGET THAT **BATMAN AND ROBIN** BATTLE THEIR WAY THROUGH SMASHING EXPLOITS IN EVERY MONTH'S ISSUE OF **DETECTIVE COMICS**!

--AND THAT SENSATIONAL NEW WAR-ACTION STRIP, **THE BOY COMMANDOS**, APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN **DETECTIVE COMICS**, TOO! BETTER NOT MISS IT!!

**Detective COMICS**

10¢

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

WHO LAUGHS AT THE LOCKSMITHS OF THE LAW?  
WHO WEARS THE WHITE DEAD MASK OF ANCIENT COMEDY ADJUSTED TO THE BODY OF A LIVING MAN?

YES, YOU GUESSED IT!  
**IT IS THE JOKER... THE CRIME CLOWN... THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!!**

NOW THAT GRIMMEST OF JESTERS RETURNS... AND LAUGHS AGAIN AS HIS ETERNALLY GRINNING LIPS MOUTH WORDS... WORDS OF SLANG... HARMLESS INNOCENT WORDS WHICH HIS WARPED MIND TWISTS INTO THE LANGUAGE OF CRIME! YES... THE JOKER'S ACTIONS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES WHEN HE BECOMES - "THE WIZARD OF WORDS!"



IN A GLOOMY ROOM, A MAN SITS AND LAUGHS! BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY LAUGHTER... AND THIS IS NO ORDINARY MAN...



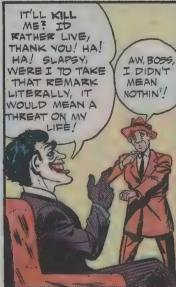
...FOR, THIS IS MELANCHOLY, JEERING LAUGHTER... AND THIS MAN IS THAT DEALER OF DROLLERY AND DOOM... THE JOKER!

NOW THE JOKER RELAXES AFTER HIS LAST CRIME ESCAPE...



A VERY GOOD JOKE, SLAPSY, HA! HA! DO YOU KNOW ANY MORE?

WAIT'LL YOU HEAR THIS ONE, BOSS. IT'LL KILL YA!



IT'LL KILL ME? ID RATHER LIVE, THANK YOU! HA! HA! SLAPSY, WERE I TO TAKE THAT REMARK LITERALLY, IT WOULD MEAN A THREAT ON MY LIFE!

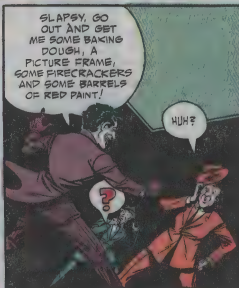
AW, BOSS, I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'!

I KNOW THAT, YET MOST PEOPLE USE SLANG EXPRESSIONS DAILY WHICH, IF CARRIED OUT WORD FOR WORD, WOULD CAUSE THEM TO COMMIT CRIMES! "I'LL MOW YOU DOWN," AND OTHERS! GET THE IDEA?



HMM! AND THAT GIVES ME A TREMENDOUS IDEA... AN IDEA THAT ONLY THE JOKER COULD THINK OF! HA! HA!

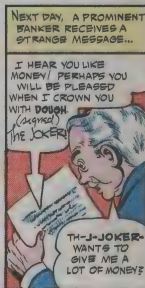
SNAP!



SLAPSY, GO OUT AND GET ME SOME BAKING DOUGH, A PICTURE FRAME, SOME FIRECRACKERS AND SOME BARRELS OF RED PAINT!

HUH?

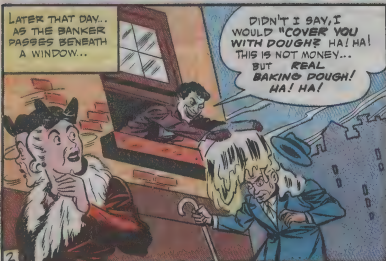
WHAT IS THE JOKER'S PLAN? HOW CAN THESE UN-RELATED OBJECTS FIT TOGETHER TO FORM A CRIME PATTERN?



NEXT DAY, A PROMINENT BANKER RECEIVES A STRANGE MESSAGE...

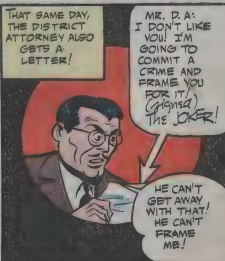
I HEAR YOU LIKE MONEY! PERHAPS YOU WILL BE PLEASED WHEN I CROWN YOU WITH DOUGH. (signed) THE JOKER!

TH-J-JOKER-WANTS TO GIVE ME A LOT OF MONEY?



LATER THAT DAY.. AS THE BANKER PASSES BENEATH A WINDOW...

DIDN'T I SAY, I WOULD "COVER YOU WITH DOUGH? HA! HA! THIS IS NOT MONEY... BUT REAL BAKING DOUGH! HA! HA!



THAT SAME DAY, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ALSO GETS A LETTER!

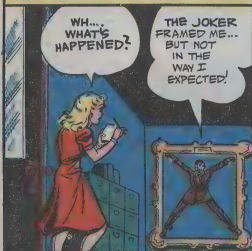
MR. D.A. I DON'T LIKE YOU! I'M GOING TO COMMIT A CRIME AND FRAME YOU FOR IT! (signed) THE JOKER!

HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT! HE CAN'T FRAME ME!

BUT THE D.A. IS WRONG... ALL THE WAY! FOR, THE NEXT DAY...

WH...  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?

THE JOKER  
FRAMED ME...  
BUT NOT  
IN THE  
WAY I  
EXPECTED!



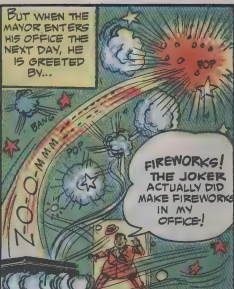
THEN, THE MAYOR  
RECEIVES A MESSAGE!

*You'll  
see fire-  
works  
in your  
office  
when  
I start  
with  
you,  
the  
JOKER*

OH-H-H...  
FIREWORKS!  
THAT  
MEANS HE'S  
GOING TO  
MAKE  
SOME SORT  
OF TROUBLE  
FOR ME!



BUT WHEN THE  
MAYOR ENTERS  
HIS OFFICE THE  
NEXT DAY, HE  
IS GREETED  
BY...



FIREWORKS!  
THE JOKER  
ACTUALLY DID  
MAKE FIREWORKS  
IN MY  
OFFICE!

THE PLAGUE OF MAD PRANKS MAKES HEAD-  
LINE NEWS, AND THE PUBLIC WONDERS...AS  
DO BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON.

FIREWORKS!  
PICTURE  
FRAMES!  
THE JOKER'S  
GONE CRAZY  
AT LAST!

GOLLY, BRUCE,  
IT CERTAINLY  
LOOKS LIKE  
IT!

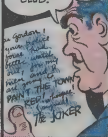
DON'T KID YOUR-  
SELF! ANY TIME  
THAT BABY STARTS  
CLOWNING...HE  
ENDS UP WITH  
A CRIME!



IS  
BRUCE  
RIGHT?  
IS  
THERE  
A  
CALCULAT-  
ING  
THREAD  
OF EVIL  
WINDING  
THROUGH  
THIS  
PATTERN  
OF MAD  
MIRTH?  
LET'S  
SEE...

THE NEXT DAY...  
COMMISSIONER  
GORDON GETS ANOTE.

SO...HE EXPECTS  
TO HAVE A RIP-  
ROARING TIME  
MAKING WHOOPEE,  
EH? I'LL HAVE  
THE BOYS PATROL  
THE NIGHT  
CLUBS!



SOME TIME LATER, A POLICE-  
MAN STARES IN WIDE-EYED  
ASTONISHMENT...

WHAA...WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
AROUND  
HERE?

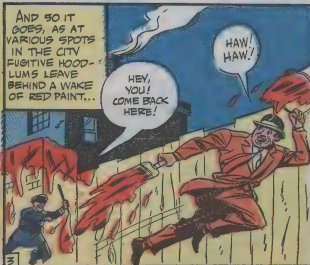
NOTHIN'  
MUCH! I'M  
JUST PAINTIN'  
THE SIDEWALK  
RED!  
HA!



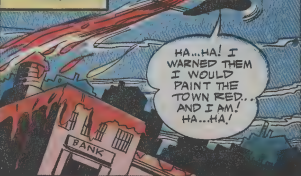
AND SO IT  
GOES, AS AT  
VARIOUS SPOTS  
IN THE CITY  
FUGITIVE HOOD-  
LUMS LEAVE  
BEHIND A WAKE  
OF RED PAINT...

HEY,  
YOU!  
COME BACK  
HERE!

HAW!  
HAW!



WHILE HIGH IN  
THE SKY, THE  
JOKER RELEASES  
A FLOOD OF  
SCARLET OVER  
THE ROOF-  
TOPS...



HA...HA! I  
WARNED THEM  
I WOULD  
PAINT THE  
TOWN RED...  
AND I AM!  
HA...HA!

LATE THAT NIGHT... A STARTLING CHANGE OCCURS IN THE WAYNE HOME...

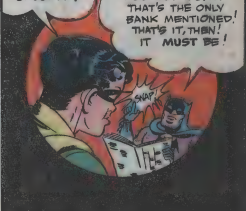
WHAT'S UP? WHY THE SUDDEN INTEREST IN TONIGHT'S PAPER?

I'M CHECKING UP ON A LIST OF PLACES THAT WERE PAINTED RED BY THE JOKER'S MOB!

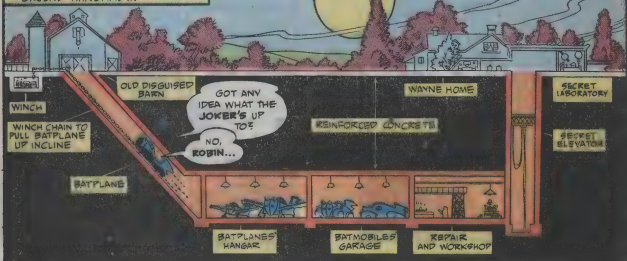


YOU THINK THE JOKER PULLED THESE STUNTS AS A COVER-UP FOR SOMETHING CROOKED?

BULL'S-EYE, ROBIN! NOW...LET'S SEE... GROCERY STORE WINDOW...MUSEUM WALL...BANK ROOFTOP... SAY! THAT'S THE ONLY BANK MENTIONED! THAT'S IT, THEN! IT MUST BE!



BY ELEVATOR, THE DUO DESCENDS TO THE BATMAN'S SECRET UNDERGROUND HANGARS...



...BUT I'VE HAD TOO MANY TUSSELS WITH THAT GUY TO STOP ME FROM PLAYING MY HUNCH!



THE DISGUISED BARN'S AUTOMATIC DOOR SWINGS OPEN... AND THE BAT-PLANE ROARS SKYWARD!

AT THAT INSTANT...CRIME STRIKES ON THE BANK ROOFTOP!

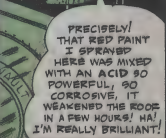
MY SCHEME WORKED! ALL THESE SEEMINGLY INSANE PRANKS... TO COVER UP A CRIME COUP! HA! HA!



HEY! I CAN SEE THE INSIDE O' THE BANK! YOU KICKED A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF!



PRECISELY! THAT RED PAINT I SPRAYED HERE WAS MIXED WITH AN ACID SO POWERFUL, SO CORROSIVE, IT WEAKENED THE ROOF IN A FEW HOURS! HA! I'M REALLY BRILLIANT!



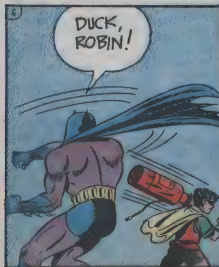
INSIDE, THE LOOTERS STRIKE SWIFTLY.

WHA...?  
UGH!

CURIOUS  
FELLOW,  
AREN'T  
YOU?  
HA, HA!

JUST  
DROPPED  
IN TO MAKE  
A DEPOSIT...  
RIGHT ON  
YOUR CHIN!

UGH!



DUCK,  
ROBIN!

Suddenly...  
TWO  
CAPED  
FIGURES  
INTERRUPT  
THE EVIL  
PROCEEDINGS!

WELL, WELL!  
CERTAINLY  
LOOKS LIKE  
I CALLED  
MY SHOT  
THIS TIME,  
EH, ROBIN?

YOU MUST'VE  
BEEN PEEKING INTO  
A CRYSTAL BALL! MY-  
MY, LOOK AT ALL  
THE NASTY MEN!  
TSK-TEK!

BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN!

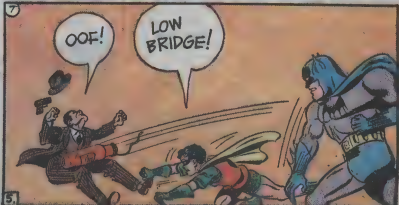
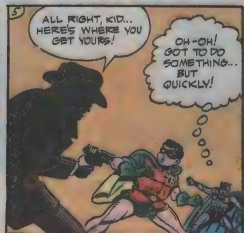
MOVING WITH THE  
LITHE GRACE OF PANTHERS,  
THE CRIME-BUSTERS  
TEAR INTO THE BANDITS!

LOOKING FOR  
MONEY? HOW  
ABOUT SOME  
HARD CASH!



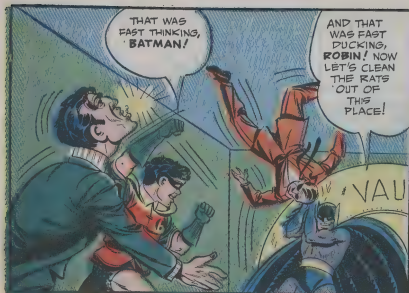
ALL RIGHT, KID...  
HERE'S WHERE YOU  
GET YOURS!

OH-OH!  
GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING...  
BUT  
QUICKLY!



OOF!

LOW  
BRIDGE!



THAT WAS  
FAST THINKING,  
BATMAN!

AND THAT  
WAS FAST  
DUCKING,  
ROBIN! NOW  
LET'S CLEAN  
THE RATS  
OUT OF  
THIS  
PLACE!

BUT, UNSEEN,  
A FUGITIVE  
HAND REACHES  
FOR THE  
FALLEN FIRE  
EXTINGUISHER.



THE JOKER  
HAS  
RECOVERED!

YOU DIDN'T  
REALLY THINK  
YOU COULD GET  
RID OF ME SO  
EASILY, DID  
YOU?  
HA! HA!



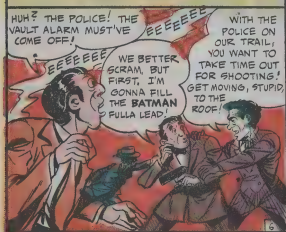
OH...MY  
EYES!  
MY  
EYES!

WHA...?  
OOHHH!



CAUGHT YOU  
BY SURPRISE,  
DIDN'T I? THIS  
WILL TEACH YOU  
TO RESPECT MY  
STAMINA!  
HA! HA!

SUDDENLY... THE SPINE-CHILLING WAIL OF A  
POLICE SIREN!



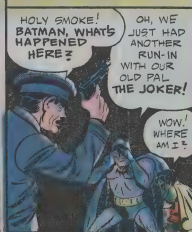
HUH? THE POLICE! THE  
VAULT ALARM MUST'VE  
COME OFF!

EEEEEEEE

WE BETTER  
SCRAM, BUT  
FIRST, I'M  
GONNA FILL  
THE BATMAN  
FULLA LEAD!

WITH THE  
POLICE ON  
OUR TRAIL,  
YOU WANT TO  
TAKE TIME OUT  
FOR SHOOTING!  
GET MOVING, STUPID,  
TO THE  
ROOF!

LATER... WHEN THE POLICE  
BARGE INTO THE BANK...



HOLY SMOKE!  
BATMAN, WHAT'S  
HAPPENED  
HERE?

OH, WE  
JUST HAD  
ANOTHER  
RUN-IN  
WITH OUR  
OLD PAL  
THE JOKER!

WOW!  
WHERE  
AM I?

LOOKS LIKE HE GOT  
AWAY FROM YOU  
THIS TIME!



YES, BUT  
NEXT TIME, I'M  
TAKING THE JOKER  
FOR A ONE-WAY  
RIDE...  
TO  
JAIL!

THAT NIGHT... IN THE JOKER'S SECKET  
SANCTUM...

BOSS, WE DIDN'T GET  
NOTHIN' ON THAT JOB AND  
ALL BECAUSE OF THE  
BATMAN! YOU SHOULDA  
LET ME PLUG 'IM!

NO!  
ANYONE  
CAN KILL  
WITH A GUN!  
BUT I'M  
NOT ANYONE!  
I'M THE  
JOKER!



WHEN I KILL IT  
MUST BE WITH SOME  
IMAGINATION. BUT  
YOU ARE RIGHT!  
I MUST GET THE  
BATMAN BEFORE  
HE GETS ME!



LEAVE ME! I WANT TO  
THINK! I WANT TO  
PLAN A FATAL TRAP  
FOR THE BATMAN...  
HA! HA!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT... A NEWS  
FLASH...

FLASH! COMMISSIONER  
GORDON JUST RECEIVED A  
CALL FROM THE JOKER WHO  
VOWED TO "MAKE HOT  
NEWS BY SETTING THE  
WORLD ON FIRE!"



TO "SET THE  
WORLD ON FIRE"  
MEANS TO GET  
RAME! BUT,  
THE JOKER  
ILLUSTRATING  
HIS MESSAGES  
WORD FOR  
WORD—

IF HE  
INTENDS TO  
PUT THE  
WHOLE WORLD  
IN FLAMES,  
HE WILL  
MAKE HOT  
NEWS!



"HOT NEWS"... THE  
GOTHAM WORLD!  
THE NEWSPAPER!  
IT JUST MOVED  
FROM AN OLD  
BUILDING TO A  
MODERNISTIC,  
FIRE-PROOF  
SKYSCRAPER!

THERE,  
THAT'S  
THE WORLD  
HE'S GOING  
TO SET  
ON FIRE!  
LET'S GET  
GOING!



MINUTES  
LATER... THE  
DUO HALTS  
BEFORE A RAM-  
SHACKLE OLD  
FACTORY THAT  
LOOKS OMINOUSLY  
AGAINST THE  
GLOOMY WATER-  
FRONT.

THERE'S WHERE THEY  
ONCE PRINTED THAT  
PAPER! BUT WHICH  
PLACE DO YOU  
THINK THE JOKER  
MEANS... THIS  
OR THE NEW  
BUILDING?

I DON'T  
KNOW! TELL  
YOU WHAT.  
WE'LL SPLIT UP!  
YOU TAKE THE  
NEW BUILDING,  
I'LL INVESTIGATE  
THE OLD  
FIRE-TRAP!



LATER... A WEIRD, BATLIKE SHAPE FLITS  
WARILY OVER DUST-COVERED FLOORS!



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING... **SUDDEN  
AMBUSH!**

"COME INTO MY TRAP," SAID  
THE JOKER TO THE BATMAN!  
HA! HA! A NEW APPROPRIATE  
VARIATION ON AN OLD  
SAYING!

WHAT?



*Moments  
later...*

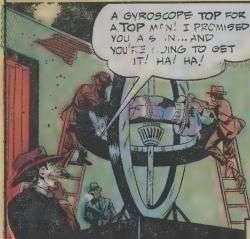
BOY-  
O-BOY!  
AM I  
A PRIZE  
SAP?

NOT EXACTLY. IT TOOK  
BRAIN MATTER TO FATHOM  
MY CRYPTIC MESSAGE.  
NOW, BATMAN, YOU'RE  
THE TOP CRIME-BUSTER...  
AND TO SHOW MY  
RESPECT FOR YOUR  
TALENT... I'M  
TAKING YOU  
FOR A SPIN!

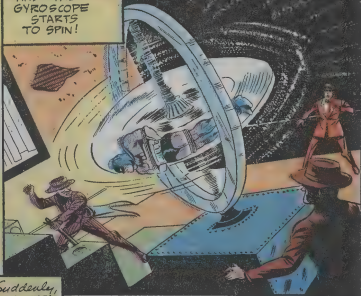


A SWITCH IS  
THROWN! THERE  
IS THE HUM  
AND CRACKLE  
OF ELECTRICITY...  
AND THE  
GYROSCOPE  
STARTS  
TO SPIN!

BEFORE THE BATMAN CAN COMPREHEND,  
HE IS STRADDLED ACROSS A HUGE  
GYROSCOPE!



A GYROSCOPE TOP FOR  
A TOP MAN! I PROMISED  
YOU A 6 IN... AND  
YOU'RE GOING TO GET  
IT! HA! HA!



*Suddenly,*  
THE JOKER'S  
HAND CLOSES  
THE SWITCH!  
THE GIANT  
TOP FALTERS  
IN ITS  
SPIN!

FASTER...FASTER...  
AT A THOUSAND  
REVOLUTIONS PER  
SECOND... FASTER...  
WITH THE TERRIBLE  
CENTRIFUGAL FORCE  
HURLING PULSE-  
POUNDING BLOOD  
IN HIS HEAD AND  
FEET!

IN A FEW MOMENTS  
YOUR BLOOD WILL  
HIT YOUR BRAIN  
WITH SUCH PRESSURE  
THAT YOU WILL GO  
MAD! HA! HA!

NO, BATMAN... I  
DON'T LIKE THAT SORT  
OF LIVING DEATH FOR  
YOU! ...IT'S TOO... TOO  
AH... INDIGNIFIED!

HAS THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE SAVED  
THE BATMAN FROM A HORRIBLE END?  
DON'T FORGET... HE IS... THE JOKER!

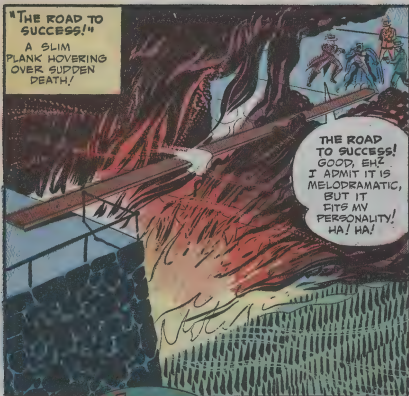
NO, BATMAN... I'VE A  
BETTER IDEA.. I'M  
GOING TO LET YOU WALK  
THE ROAD TO SUCCESS!  
HA! HA!

OH-H-H!  
IT ISN'T BAD  
ENOUGH WHEN  
I SEE ONE  
JOKER... NOW I  
SEE FOUR OF  
HIM! MY  
HEAD... GOING  
ROUND....  
DIZZY!



"THE ROAD TO SUCCESS!"

A SLIM PLANK HOVERING OVER SUDDEN DEATH!



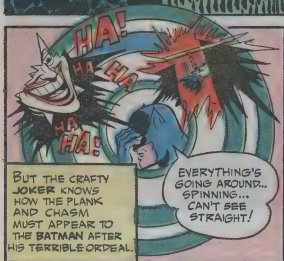
THE ROAD TO SUCCESS! GOOD, EH? I ADMIT IT IS MELODRAMATIC, BUT IT FITS MY PERSONALITY! HA! HA!

THE DAZED BATMAN IS PROPPED OUT ONTO THE PLANK WITHOUT FULLY REALIZING HIS DESPERATE PLIGHT...

CROSS THAT PLANK SUCCESSFULLY AND YOU ARE FREE! FAILURE MEANS DEATH! EITHER THE BURNING OIL ON ONE SIDE, OR THE UPRIGHT SPIKES ON THE OTHER! HA! HA!



BUT ONTO THE PLANK STEPS THE BATMAN...



BUT THE CRAFTY JOKER KNOWS HOW THE PLANK AND CHASM MUST APPEAR TO THE BATMAN AFTER HIS TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

EVERYTHING'S GOING AROUND... SPINNING... CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT!



HA! HA!

I SEE THREE PLANKS NOW! WHICH IS THE REAL ONE? GOT TO PICK THE RIGHT ONE! BUT I CAN'T TELL... I CAN'T TELL!



OWOO!

AS THE JOKER MOVES TO PROD THE BATMAN TO CERTAIN DEATH—SUDDENLY... A HUM... AND SOMETHING SMACKS HIS HAND!

THEN CATA-PULTING FORWARD TWIRLING HIS SLING-SHOT IS A MODERN YOUNG DAVID TO DEFEAT A GOLIATH OF CRIME... ROBIN!



NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL ARRIVING IN THE NICK OF TIME!



YIPPEE! OUTA MY WAY! I'M RIDING HIGH!

THE BOY WONDER LIVES UP TO HIS NAME, AND STRIKES WITH DEVASTATING FORCE.

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO FEEL DIZZY!

HA! HA! NOW IS MY CHANCE... HA! HA!

WHILE THAT BOY FIGHTS, I'LL FINISH THE BATMAN ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THE BOARD TIPS, AND SPILLS THE BATMAN! DOWN HE DROPS... TOWARD WAITING DOOM...

HA! HA! TRY TO BEAT THIS BATMAN!

BUT SOMETHING DOES BEAT IT... A FLASHING SHAPE THAT MATCHES THE BATMAN'S DEATH PLUNGE!

STRONG, STURDY LEGS SNAKE THE BATMAN IN MID-AIR... CLAMP TIGHTLY ABOUT HIM...

...AND CARRY HIM TO SAFETY ONTO THE OPPOSITE CATWALK!

THANKS, PAL. I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOME TIME!

DON'T MENTION IT...

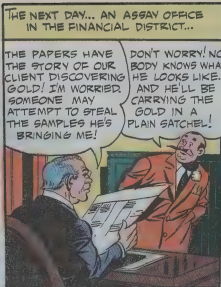
RETREAT, YOU FOOLS! ONCE THE BATMAN REGAINS HIS BALANCE, HE'LL BE AFTER US WITH VENGEANCE IN HIS EYES!

...AND IN EACH FIST! I DON'T WANNA BE AROUND WHEN THAT HAPPENS!



ONLY 'CAUSE THE JOKER GOT AWAY! I'D GIVE A PRETTY PENNY TO KNOW WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO! NEXT!

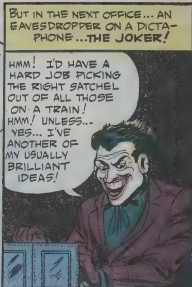
YOU HURT?



THE NEXT DAY... AN ASSAY OFFICE IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...

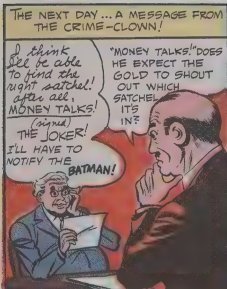
THE PAPERS HAVE THE STORY OF OUR CLIENT DISCOVERING GOLD! I'M WORRIED SOMEONE MAY ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE SAMPLES HE'S BRINGING ME!

DON'T WORRY! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... AND HE'LL BE CARRYING THE GOLD IN A PLAIN SATCHEL!



BUT IN THE NEXT OFFICE... AN EAVESDROPPER ON A DICTAPHONE... THE JOKER!

HMM! I'D HAVE A HARD JOB PICKING THE RIGHT SATCHEL OUT OF ALL THOSE ON A TRAIN! HMM! UNLESS... YES... I'VE ANOTHER OF MY USUALLY BRILLIANT IDEAS!

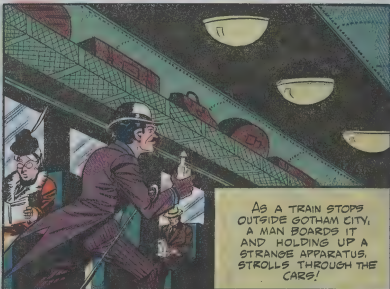


THE NEXT DAY... A MESSAGE FROM THE CRIME-CLOWN!

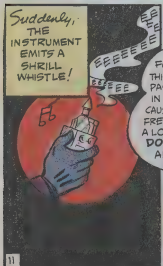
*I think I'll be able to find the right satchel! after all, MONEY TALKS!*

*(signed)*  
THE JOKER!  
I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE BATMAN!

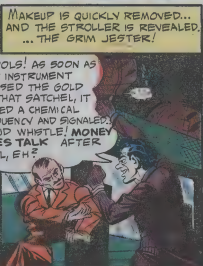
"MONEY TALKS!" DOES HE EXPECT THE GOLD TO SHOUT OUT WHICH SATCHEL IT'S IN?



AS A TRAIN STOPS OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY, A MAN BOARDS IT AND HOLDING UP A STRANGE APPARATUS, STROLLS THROUGH THE CARS!

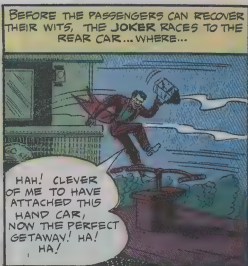


Suddenly, THE INSTRUMENT EMITS A SHRILL WHISTLE!



MAKEUP IS QUICKLY REMOVED... AND THE STROLLER IS REVEALED... THE GRIM JESTER!

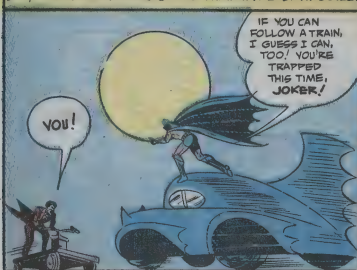
FOOLS! AS SOON AS THIS INSTRUMENT PASSED THE GOLD IN THAT SATCHEL, IT CAUSED A CHEMICAL FREQUENCY AND SIGNED! A LOUD WHISTLE! MONEY DOES TALK AFTER ALL, EH?



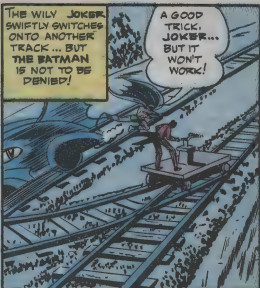
BEFORE THE PASSENGERS CAN RECOVER THEIR WITS, THE JOKER RACES TO THE REAR CAR... WHERE...

HAH! CLEVER OF ME TO HAVE ATTACHED THIS HAND CAR, NOW THE PERFECT GETAWAY! HA! HA!

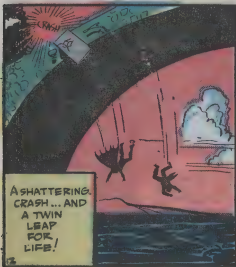
But, RACING IN THE WAKE OF THE TRAIN... THE BATMOBILE.



THE WILY JOKER SWIFTLY SWITCHES ONTO ANOTHER TRACK... BUT THE BATMAN IS NOT TO BE DENIED!



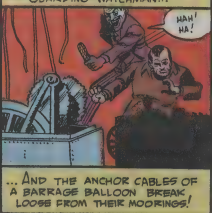
THEN, A TERRIBLE SPINE-CHILLING WAIL... A TRAIN WHISTLE!



THE IMMEDIATE DANGER AVERTED, THE GRUELING, EXCITING MANHUNT CONTINUES UNABATED!



AS THE JOKER RACES PAST AN ARMY CAMP, HE SPIES A CHANCE FOR ESCAPE... A BLOW TELLS A GUARDING WATCHMAN...



EVEN AS THE HUGE BAG RISES, THE BATMAN LEAPS FOR A TRAILING CABLE...



COME TO POPPA!

...AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT IS CLIMBING HAND OVER HAND UP ITS SLIPPERY LENGTH!



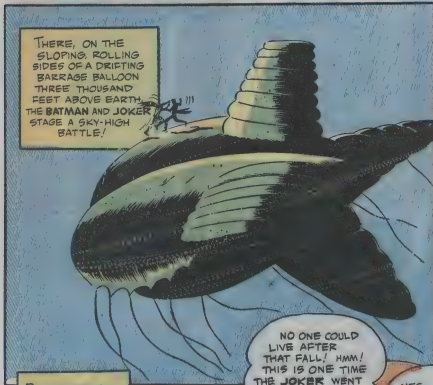
STILL WITH YOU, FUNNY MAN!

NOT FOR LONG! YOU...



MISSED... AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANOTHER CHANCE!

THERE, ON THE SLOPING, ROLLING SIDES OF A DRIFTING BARRAGE BALLOON THREE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE EARTH, THE BATMAN AND JOKER STAGE A SKY-HIGH BATTLE!



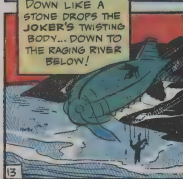
ABRUPTLY, THE BATMAN TEARS HIMSELF FREE, WINDS HIS STRONG FINGERS INTO AN IRON FIST AND SWINGS HARD!



OH-H-H!

CRACK  
OKAY, JOKER... THIS IS IT!

DOWN LIKE A STONE DROPS THE JOKER'S TWISTING BODY... DOWN TO THE RAGING RIVER BELOW!



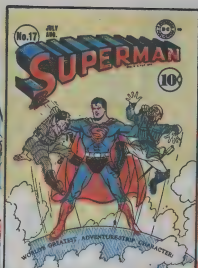
SOMETIME AFTER, THE RUNAWAY BALLOON'S ARGOSY ENDS AS ITS CABLES TANGLE IN A TREE-TOP AND THAT NIGHT...

NO ONE COULD LIVE AFTER THAT FALL! HMM! THIS IS ONE TIME THE JOKER WENT INTO A CRIME THAT WAS OVER HIS HEAD!

YES... IN FACT, RIGHT NOW HE'S DROWNING HIS GORROW AND WE CAN TAKE THAT...WORD FOR WORD...



But - IS THE JOKER DEAD AT LAST? OR, IS THIS JESTING CRIME GENIUS ALIVE...ALIVE AND LAUGHING...LAUGHING IN UNHOLY GLEE AS HIS DISTORTED BRAIN SPAWNS NEW VILLAINIES? ONLY TIME CAN TELL...



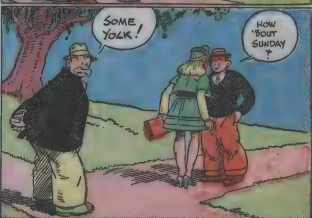
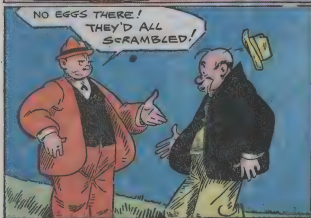
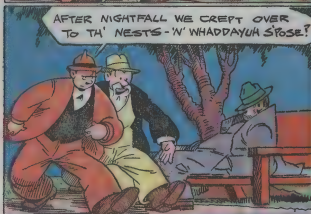
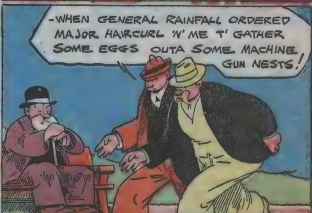
LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK  
FOR  
THE BEST IN  
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

# WINDY WATKINS

BY ALGER



# BATMAN

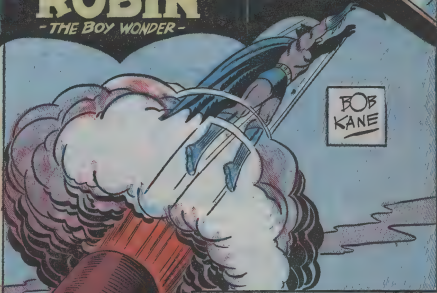
WITH  
**ROBIN**

- THE BOY WONDER -

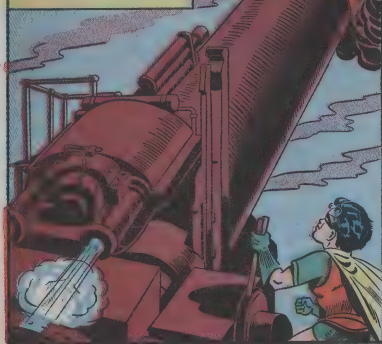
**D**ANGER IS THE DAILY DIET OF THOSE HUMAN DAREDEVILS WE CALL THE "STUNT MEN"--- THOSE FEARLESS FELLOWS WHO RECKLESSLY STAKE THEIR VERY LIVES UPON THEIR STEELY NERVES! HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES ARE THEIR STOCK IN TRADE, BREATH-TAKING HAZARDS HOLD NO TERRORS FOR THEM --- UNTIL DEATH MYSTERIOUSLY HALTS THEIR GALLANT DEEDS!

THIS IS THE THRILLING STORY OF MEN WHO HAVE TO BE BRAVE FOR A PRICE... AND OF BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, WHOSE BRAVERY COULD NOT BE BOUGHT... IN THE ADVENTURE OF ---

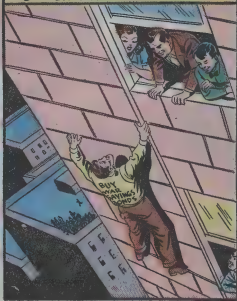
**"THEY THRILL TO CONQUER!"**



BOB  
KANE



**U**P THE SHEER FACE OF A SKYSCRAPER CLIMBS A "HUMAN FLY" TO DO HIS BIT FOR UNCLE SAM!



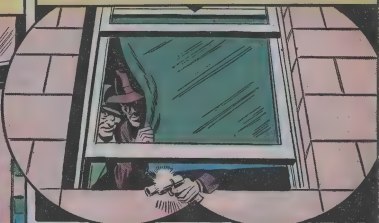
THOUSANDS OF WATCHERS -- BUT ONLY TWO, KEEN-EYED BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, SEE --

THERE -- ON THE FLOOR JUST ABOVE THE "HUMAN FLY"!

I SEE THEM, BRUCE! TWO OF THEM! ONE HAS A GUN!



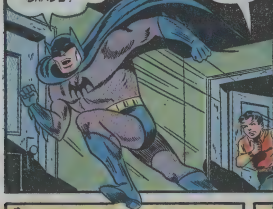
-- A SINISTER GLINT OF LIGHT FROM A SHADED WINDOW!



ONLY A TELLTALE FLASH -- BUT SUFFICIENT TO TRANSFORM BRUCE WAYNE INTO HIS OTHER SELF, THE BATMAN!

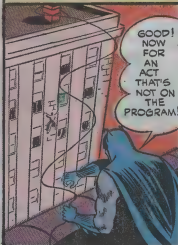
THAT'S OUR ANSWER, DICK! THERE'S DEATH BEHIND THAT SHADE!

OKAY -- I'LL DO MY PART!



TWENTY STORIES ABOVE THE GAPING THOUSANDS, THE CRIME NEMESIS SNAKES A SILKEN CORD ACROSS THE GULF OF SPACE ...

GOOD! NOW FOR AN ACT THAT'S NOT ON THE PROGRAM!



ACROSS THE DIZZY CHASM INCHES THE ACRO-BATMAN ...



HALFWAY ACROSS -- AND NOT A PEEP OUT OF THEM... I WONDER --

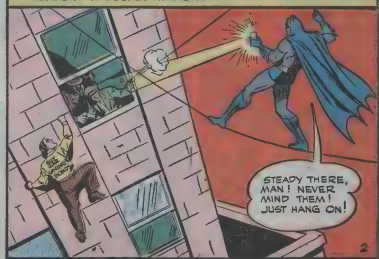
ABRUPTLY...A TREACHEROUS SALVO OF HOT LEAD!

THE BATMAN!

GET HIM! I CAN'T REACH HIM WITH THE JUICE!

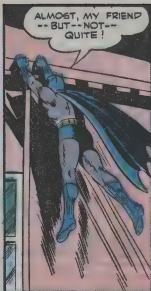


BUT OUT OF THE CRIME-FIGHTER'S BELT FLASHES A STRANGE WEAPON -- A POCKET-MIRROR!



STEADY THERE, MAN! NEVER MIND THEM! JUST HANG ON!

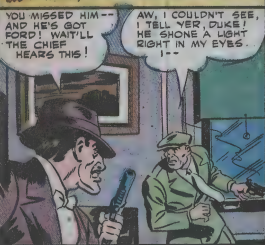
**INCH BY INCH -- AND AGAIN THE GUN ROARS!**



**AND CHEATED DEATH GNASHES ITS TEETH!**



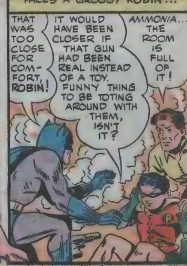
**MEANWHILE, ON THE FLOOR BELOW....**



**THE DOOR TO ESCAPE-- BUT THROUGH IT VAULTS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!**



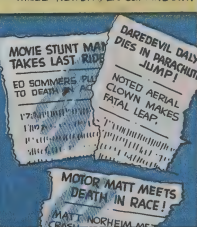
**SPLIT SECONDS LATER, BATMAN FACES A GROGGY ROBIN...**



THIS DEVILISH GUN IS NO TOY!  
ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS  
SHOOT ITS LOAD OF AMMONIA  
GAS IN MY FACE AND I'D PITCH  
DOWN TO THE STREET! EVERY-  
ONE WOULD CONSIDER IT AN-  
OTHER ACCIDENTAL DEATH--  
LIKE THESE....

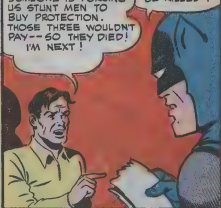


OUT OF FORD'S POCKET CAME  
THREE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS....



THOSE WERENT  
ACCIDENTS, BATMAN.  
THEY WERE MURDERS!  
SOMEONE IS FORCING  
US STUNT MEN TO  
BUY PROTECTION.  
THOSE THREE WOULDN'T  
PAY--SO THEY DIED!  
I'M NEXT!

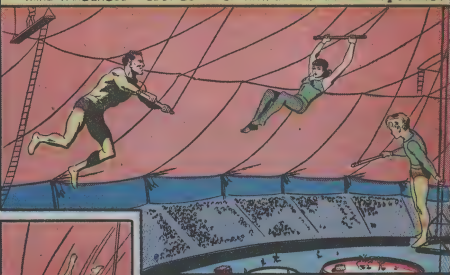
BUT WHY DIDN'T  
YOU PAY--  
RATHER THAN  
BE KILLED?



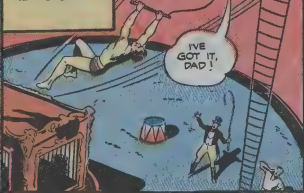
I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY!  
I'M ONE OF THE FLYING  
FORDS. REMEMBER US?  
THERE WERE THREE OF US--  
ME AND NAN AND YOUNG  
TOM. HE'S JUST ABOUT  
ROBIN'S AGE...



"LITTLE TOMMY WAS A GREAT PERFORMER, BUT WE DIDN'T LET HIM DO ANY-  
THING DANGEROUS --JUST GOING UP WITH US AND TAKING EASY SWINGS."



"UNTIL THAT DAY  
WHEN MY GEAR  
BROKE. I WAS  
FALLING STRAIGHT  
FOR A BIG ANIMAL  
WAGON. TOM SAW  
WHAT WAS COMING  
AND DIVED AT  
THE ROPE."

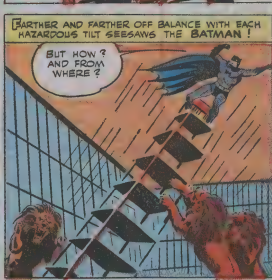
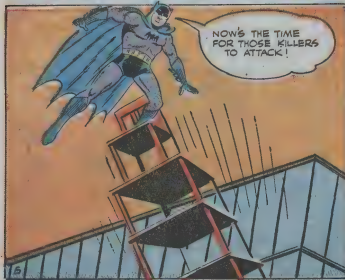
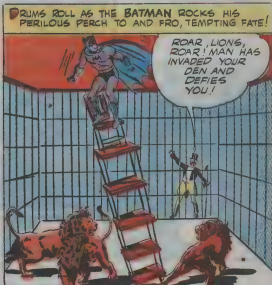
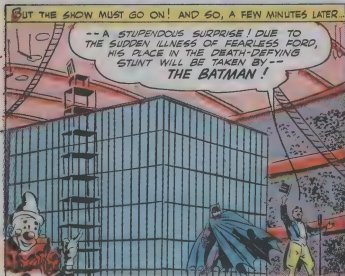
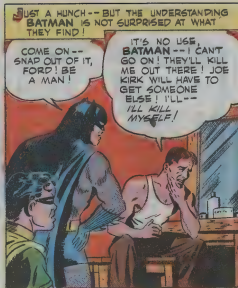
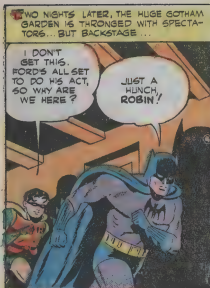


"THAT CHECKED ME SO  
THAT I MISSED THE  
WAGON--BUT TOM LANDED  
IN THE ARENA IN A HEAP HE  
CRUSHED HIS SPINE--AND  
HE'S NEVER WALKED SINCE!"



TOMMY NEEDS AN  
OPERATION THAT  
WILL COST THOUSANDS  
OF DOLLARS. THAT'S  
WHY I TAKE THESE  
DANGEROUS JOBS  
AND WHY I  
WON'T PAY  
THOSE  
CROOKS!





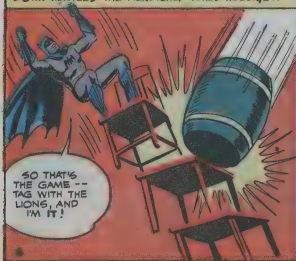
**H**IGH UP INSIDE THE ARENA, THE BOY WONDER SUDDENLY GUMPSSES A KEY TO THE ANSWER!



**H**IGH UP TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE MAMMOTH AUDITORIUM THE PROWLER LEADS!

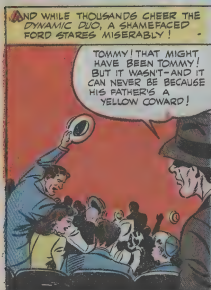
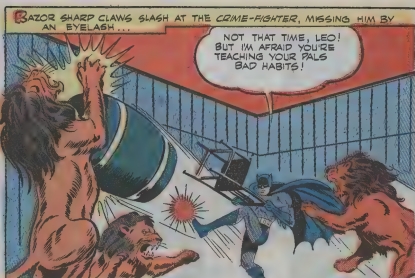


**D**OWN HURTLES THE FIENDISHLY TIMED MISSILE...



**A**ND THE SAVAGE BEASTS CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL!





THE AFTERNOON OF THE GALA FETE AT BRUCE WAYNE'S ESTATE--AND BRUCE CALLS ON HIS STAR PERFORMER....

READY, FORD?  
YOUR STUNTS  
ON NEXT!

NO, MR. WAYNE--I'VE  
CHANGED MY MIND! I  
THOUGHT TO GET MY  
NERVE BACK--BUT I  
CANT! I'M AFRAID I'LL  
CRASH IF I DRIVE  
THAT CAR!



SORRY, MR. WAYNE... BUT  
I'M ALL WASHED UP! I'LL NEVER  
HAVE THE NERVE TO STUNT  
AGAIN... GOOD-BYE!...

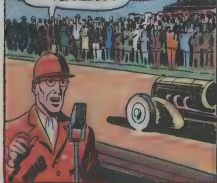


WELL, CAN'T DISAPPOINT  
THE CROWDS, BESIDES,  
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A  
BRISK LITTLE RIDE TO  
KEEP A FELLOW FIT!...  
DONT THINK ANYONE  
WILL BE ABLE TO  
RECOGNIZE ME  
BEHIND THESE  
GOOGLES!

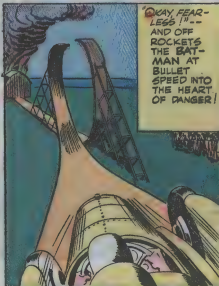


OUTSIDE, THE ANNOUNCER GOES  
INTO HIS SPIEL....

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLE-  
MEN, THAT INTREPID DAREDEVIL,  
FEARLESS FORD, IN HIS SPECTACU-  
LAR LOOP-THE-LOOP INTO  
INFERNO. OKAY, FEARLESS!



"OKAY, FEAR-  
LESS!"--  
AND OFF  
ROCKETS  
THE BAT-  
MAN AT  
BULLET  
SPEED INTO  
THE HEART  
OF DANGER!



SPLIT SECONDS LATER, AT  
THE CREST OF THAT PERIL-  
OUS LOOP, BATMAN SPIES  
SUDDEN DEATH AHEAD.

A TRUCK! I CANT  
POSSIBLY MISS IT! SO  
I'M TO ROAST IN THAT  
BLAZING OVEN!

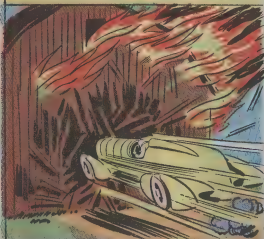


THE TRAP THAT WAITS--AN  
ABANDONED TRUCK!

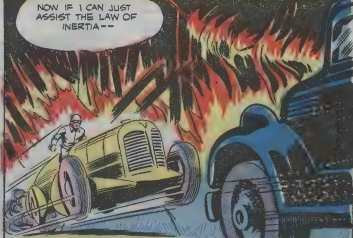


TOO LATE TO  
SWERVE FROM  
THAT  
DEATH-STUDD  
COURSE--AND  
AHEAD LIES A  
HEAD-ON  
COLLISION OR  
FLAMING DOOM!

**STRAIGHT INTO THE FIERY MAN SPURTS THE CRASH CAR...**

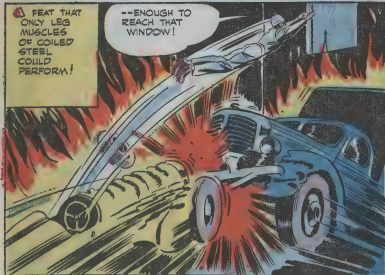


**BUT EVEN IN THAT FLASHING SPLIT-SECOND A DESPERATE PLAN SPARKS FROM THE BATMAN'S DYNAMIC BRAIN!**



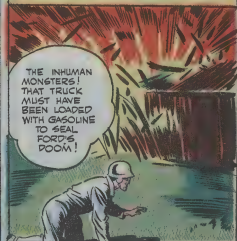
NOW IF I CAN JUST ASSIST THE LAW OF INERTIA--

**A FEAT THAT ONLY LEG MUSCLES OF COILED STEEL COULD PERFORM!**



--ENOUGH TO REACH THAT WINDOW!

**AND ONCE AGAIN DEATH'S CHILL FINGERS SNATCH FOR THE BATMAN IN VAIN!**



THE INHUMAN MONSTERS! THAT TRUCK MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED WITH GASOLINE TO SEAL FORD'S DOOM!

**YEA, FEARLESS!**

**HURRAY FOR FEARLESS FORD!**

**YEA, FORD!**



**AND FEARLESS FORD ALONE IN THE SHADOWS, HE WATCHES HIS HOLLOW TRIUMPH...**

DEAD--THAT'S WHAT I WOULD BE NOW! BLOWN TO BITS! NO MAN COULD HAVE ESCAPED--NO MAN BUT THE BATMAN! AND I'M NO BATMAN....



**THAT TRIUMPH BRINGS SWIFT CONSEQUENCES!**

GREAT WORK, FORD! I'VE ANOTHER DATE FOR YOU ALREADY! SATURDAY--A HIGH DIVE AT THE FAIR GROUNDS--FOR BIG DOUGH!

OKAY--YOU'RE THE BOSS, KIRK!



**GATER...**

GREAT SHOW YOU PUT ON FOR US TODAY, BRUCE!

WOULDN'T YOU THINK BRUCE WOULD WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE FORD'S ACT INSTEAD OF ONLY SPONSORING IT?

BRUCE WAYNE! MY DEAR, HE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED!



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FAIR--TWO CLOAKED FIGURES GLIDE SOFTLY OVER THE GROUNDS!

TWO ATTEMPTS ON FORD'S LIFE HAVE FAILED...TOMORROW THE KILLERS WILL HAVE A FINE CHANCE AT HIM!

AND AS USUAL, WHILE HE'S AT WORK--TO MAKE HIS DEATH SEEM ACCIDENTAL!

LOOK AT THAT FURROW! SOMEONE'S BEEN DIGGING HERE!

JUST AS I EXPECTED... CLEVER JOB-- THE GROUND IS HARDLY DISTURBED-- BUT LET'S SEE WHERE THAT FAINT TRAIL LEADS US....

OPENING DAY AT THE FAIR...AND ONCE AGAIN A DISGUISED BATMAN PREPARES TO THRILL THOUSANDS...

AND NOW... THE GREAT FEARLESS FORD WILL PLUNGE 150 FEET INTO LESS THAN THREE FEET OF WATER!

HE'LL NEVER DO IT...! I DON'T WANT TO WATCH HIM!...HE'LL KILL HIMSELF!

AND "FEARLESS FORD" PLUNGES-- JUST AS A MIGHTY EXPLOSION ROCKS THE FAIRGROUNDS!

BOOM!

STUNNED SILENCE--UNTIL SUDDENLY A SHRILL SHRIEK SOUNDS "FORD'S" REQUIEM!

BEN! OH, BEN!

DADDY!

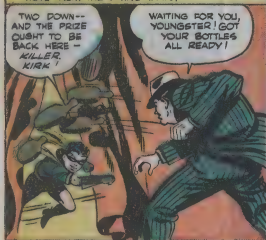
BUT THE REAL FEARLESS FORD IS FAR FROM DEATH!

NAN! TOMMY! THEY THINK I'M DEAD! BUT IT'S THE BATMAN WHO TOOK MY PLACE! HE'S DEAD!!!

MEANWHILE, ON THE ALMOST DESERTED MIDWAY, THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION CATAPULTS ROBIN INTO STRANGE ACTION...



THE CURTAIN AT THE REAR OF THE BOOTH IS ROBIN'S GOAL--THE END OF THE FAINT DIGGING TRAIL FROM THE DIVING TANK!



OUT ON THE FIELD, THE BOMB CRATER YIELDS AN AMAZING SURPRISE!



AND FROM THE TOWER OVER-HEAD SUDDENLY SPRINGS THE BATMAN!

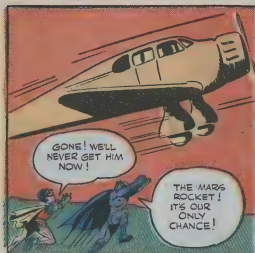


BUT JOE KIRK HAS REACHED HIS GOAL!



I'M TAKING THIS BUS-- AND I TRAVEL ALONE!

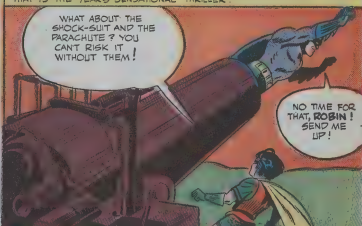




GONE! WE'LL NEVER GET HIM NOW!

THE MARS ROCKET! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

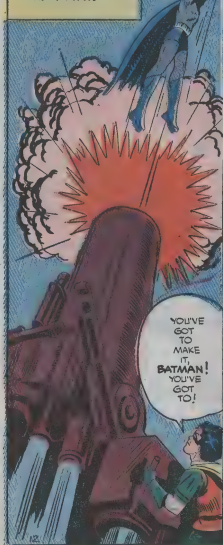
THE ROCKET TO MARS, THE DARING "HUMAN CANNONBALL" STUNT THAT IS THE YEAR'S SENSATIONAL THRILLER!



WHAT ABOUT THE SHOCK-SUIT AND THE PARACHUTE? YOU CAN'T RISK IT WITHOUT THEM!

NO TIME FOR THAT, ROBIN! SEND ME UP!

▲ LEVER IS PULLED... FLAME AND SPARKS GUSH FROM THE ROCKET TUBES... AND THEN...

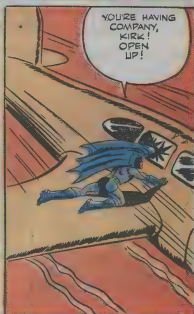


YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE IT, BATMAN! YOU'VE GOT TO!

▲ TINY HUMAN BULLET STREAKS THROUGH THE VAST EXPANSE OF SKY!



SO THIS IS HOW THE BULLET FEELS WHEN IT HITS THE BULL'S-EYE!



YOU'RE HAVING COMPANY, KIRK! OPEN UP!

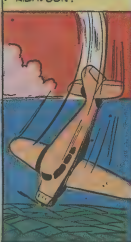
▲ KY-HIGH IN THE CLOUDS THE GRIM BATTLE RAGES ...



YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME, BATMAN!

WANT TO BET ON THAT?

▲ AND THE UNGUIDED PLANE DANCES A MAD RIGADOO!



GERIL TO ONE HALF OF THE DYNAMIC PARTNERSHIP  
MEANS ACTION FOR THE OTHER!



THE MYSTERY SOON CLEARS!

I CAN'T OPERATE  
THIS THING! SIT  
DOWN AND GET  
IT STARTED--OR,  
SO HELP ME, I'LL  
PUT A BULLET  
IN YOU!

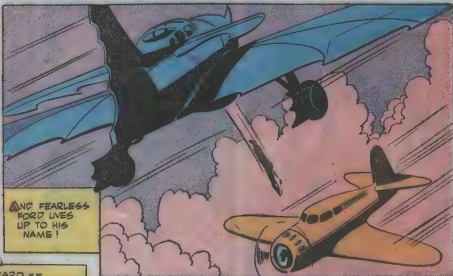
RUNNING  
AWAY, FORD!  
YOU  
MISERABLE  
COWARD!



I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY! I'M  
AFTER JOE KIRK--THE  
PROTECTION RACKET BOSS!  
NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS  
AGENTS COMMISSION, HE'S  
BEEN HIJACKING MOST OF  
EVERY STUNT MAN'S PAY  
AND KILLING ANYONE WHO  
WOULDN'T COME ACROSS!



SWIFTLY THE BATPLANE  
OVERHAULS ITS QUARRY,  
UNTIL THE BOMBIGHT  
MIRRORS KIRKS SHIP--



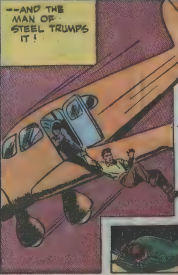
AND FEARLESS  
FORD LIVES  
UP TO HIS  
NAME!

BUT DEATH PLAYS ITS LAST CARD --

CAN'T MAKE IT...  
CAN'T SAVE  
BATMAN...



--AND THE  
MAN OF  
STEEL TRUMPS  
IT!



AND DAREDEVIL  
CONGRATULATES  
DAREDEVIL!

BUT YOU  
DIDN'T  
NEED  
ME,  
BATMAN!  
YOU HAD  
HIM  
BEATEN!

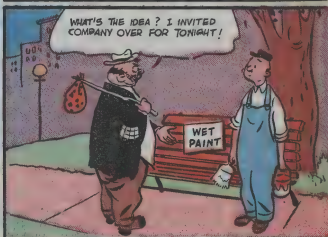
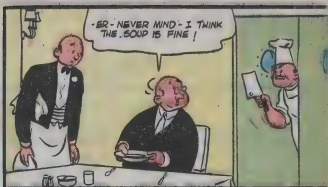
THAT DOESN'T  
MATTER, FORD. YOU  
MADE THE BRAVEST  
DIVE OF YOUR  
CAREER TO  
SAVE ME--AND  
YOU RESCUED  
YOUR OWN  
MANHOOD!  
YOU'VE FOUND  
YOUR NERVE  
AGAIN, OLD  
MAN!



THE END

# GAGS

HEART  
SAFETY OFF



# HONEST INJUN!



UGH! IS MUCH TRUE THAT  
SUPER-BIG 96-PAGE  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS  
IS WORLD'S FINEST BUY!  
HAS IN IT SUPERMAN  
AND BATMAN BOTH  
--AND MUCH OTHERS!  
CATCHUM ALSO  
ALL STORIES  
BRAND-NEW  
--NO CHEATUM  
PUBLIC WITH  
REPRINTS!

NOW ON  
SALE!



# MURDER RAP

by Sam Case

ED SWAIN sauntered through the busy city room, with its clicking typewriters and chattering teletype machines providing noisy accompaniment. Copy boys scurried about the room, snatching stories handed them by reporters and rewrite men. There was an air of a big story breaking and it is a feeling only a newspaperman can fully appreciate. But part of it communicated itself to Ed Swain because, as crack detective on the Homicide Squad, his work brought him in contact with reporters.

And especially one reporter. Female.

Her name was Jane Winters and she was star sob sister on the *Blade*.

Lately, Swain had taken to worrying about Jape. He had never figured she'd turn out to be a swell crime reporter. But within twelve weeks, she had been turning out sensational stuff on the underworld, breaking stories even the stoolies couldn't bring in. And now here she was mixed up with Fats Martin, against whom a murder rap was pending.

Swain scowled, thinking of this. The indictment had been handed down today. Already, Fats was out on bail. Serenely, he had called the press into the sumptuous realty office he maintained—actually the police knew it to be a bookmaking establishment—and promised a breath-taking revelation at the time of his trial.

"I'm being persecuted," he had said. "I'm just an honest business man. But the Mayor of this town is out to get me. I'm just waiting to get on that stand. You boys tell your readers that."

And the papers were doing it. Worried, wondering what ace Fats might have, the Mayor had called the Commissioner, who had in turn called the

Chief Inspector and down the line it went until the order was dropped on Ed Swain's desk. "Find out what Fats intends to do."

Morosely, Swain looked at the headline on the freshly-printed paper dropped hurriedly on Jane's desk by a copy boy. **MARTIN PROMISES SURPRISE!**

"So!" Swain dropped the paper as he heard Jane's voice. Poised, her face flushed, she stood there, her eyes dancing. "Don't tell me," she said, "that the police department is getting its information from the *Blade* now?"

She smiled. "It's tough enough when its crack detective decides maybe he'd better learn something about being a fireman, just in case."

Swain flushed. He didn't mind being kidded about the off-time he spent with the Auxiliary Fire Corps. He had thought it a good idea, in war time, to learn something about fighting fires. Never know when it would come in handy. But Jane didn't have to keep rubbing it in.

"Well, maybe I did come up for some information. What's Martin going to spring? It's got to be good because the Grand Jury is rushing the trial for next week. Something tells me the good citizens in this town are pretty tired of his murdering."

"Now, now," Jane jested. "You, as a police officer, should know you oughtn't to accuse a man without evidence."

"That job was evidence enough for me," Swain growled. "Only his mob kills a guy the way we found the victim." He paused, looked at Jane. "Hey, where you going in such a hurry? I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me?"

"Sorry," Jane applied the final touch of lipstick. "But I'm

combining business with social life. Tonight, I'm dining with Fats at the Blue Penguin." She waved a parting hand at Ed Swain. "See you later."

"Yeah," Swain muttered. "And you will. I'll be at the Blue Penguin, too. I'd love to sock that guy. I just wish they'd give him to me. He'd talk."

But it isn't done that way. Not always. Nor can a guy make promises to himself and keep them all. You see, Ed Swain had forgotten that on this evening, he was to put in two hours at the Auxiliary Fireman school and learn about riding a fire truck. One hour was all he could spare, conscientiously, and he gave it. He was really feeling sorry about losing a ride on the truck when he left the course to hurry to the Blue Penguin.

The night club, privately owned by Martin, was doing a brisk business. Swain glowered as he saw Jane, her arm hooked in Fats' pudgy arm, leave the dance floor. They were heading toward a large, flower-banked table, where some of Fats' friends were being feted. Jane, catching Swain's eye, waved to him, then said something to Fats. The mobster's boisterous laugh resounded through the club.

He was still laughing when Swain came over. Whatever he had heard from Jane, had been told the rest of the table. They, too, were roaring. Martin wiped his fat face. "Ho—ho," he roared, pointing at Swain. "Here comes the fireman!"

He said: "I don't think that's so funny. But maybe you can dress it up for your paper. These guests would make a fine society column." His eyes darted swiftly about the table. There wasn't a man there who hadn't done time.

"Hey, wait a minute." Fats' voice welled up and his slitted eyes bored into Swain. "Never mind the cracks, copper. Nobody invited you." His huge arm went affectionately behind Jane's chair, and Swain writhed. "I got friends on papers," Fats said. "And believe me, you can

tell your pal, the Mayor, that tomorrow the people of this town can start laughing at him, instead of waiting for the trial." His thick lips worked into a smile of a thousand creases of corpulence. "This little lady has persuaded me to let her print my alibi!"

"Your alibi?" Swain echoed weakly. So that was what Fats had been holding up his sleeve! Swain felt disgusted. The Mayor should have figured that out himself. Swain could feel Fats slipping through the law's fingers. Of course the gangster would have a perfect alibi as usual.

"I should have expected it," Swain said, contemptuously. "You were just shooting off, looking for publicity. And the Mayor fell for it." He turned, intending to leave, but bumped into a small, nervous individual who was approaching the table.

It was Maxie Hart, Fats' lawyer. "Hello, Swain!" Maxie said. "Not making a pinch, are you?"

"Not him!" Fats guffawed. "I was just going to tell him that at 9:10, when that murdered man died—just like it said in the papers—Fats Martin was arguing with a fire truck that hit his car." His beady eyes glistened. "Yeah, Swain," Fats jeered. "I was in the neighborhood, okay. But it so happens that my chauffeur hears the fire engine siren and gets flustered. The engine hits my car and goes on. But the cop on the beat makes a note of the time. And I got my dented car, as well as the cop's word, to prove where I was!" He guffawed again, enjoying Swain's consternation. "So I think maybe I'll let this reporter, here, put the heat on the Mayor and you lugs tomorrow."

Swain was still thinking of this when he went outside. He knew Maxie's flare for the sensational, and now Fats had tipped off the lawyer's grandstand play. Swain sighed. There was nothing to do now but check on Fats' alibi, and tell the Commissioner.

At the firehouse, there was a record of the collision. It

had taken place only a few blocks from where the murdered man had been found. The fireman had been called out on a false alarm. Wearily, Swain closed the report, showing the accident at 9:10 P. M. Martin was in the clear.

The night captain looked up from his desk. "What's up, Swain?"

The detective told him. "Yeah," the captain nodded. "I remember. I was right behind the hook and ladder when it hit the car. The truck wasn't going fast and the bell was ringing loud enough, I don't know how it happened to hit."

"The bell!" Swain said. "Did you say the bell was ringing?"

"Sure?" The captain's eyes mocked Swain's. "Say, weren't you paying attention to the lecture tonight? What did we tell you about fire apparatus and the noises they make when going to and from fires?"

Swain snapped his fingers. "Brother," he said, "you don't have to tell me. I've got this memorized forever." He rushed out of the firehouse.

Fats wasn't at the Blue Penguin. No one knew where he had gone. Outside, he stood indecisively plotting his next move. The doorman, who had abandoned his post to call a cab, walked back. There was a newsie with him.

"Know where Fats went?" Swain asked the doorman.

The man grinned. "Now how would I know?" he asked. "Oh, pardon me." He rushed to open the door for a party.

"I saw Fats getting into a cab with a girl and a little guy," a voice said. "The little guy said something about going to his apartment." It was the newsie, an ex-pug.

Fifteen minutes later, he pressed the buzzer on Hart's door. The lawyer occupied a suite in a fashionable apartment house. Swain, leaning against the door, thought he heard the sounds of scuffling. But a moment later, Hart's surprised face appeared. "Swain! What—what do you want? I'm busy."

"So am I." Swain pushed him into the room. "I'm looking for Fats Martin. There's—"

Suddenly, a woman's scream sounded in the dim lit room. Swain went for his gun as he saw a flash of white shirt front detach itself from the shadows. A bullet whistled by him as he heard Hart's frightened cry. "Fats—no!"

Fats' heavy body struck the floor after the impact of Swain's bullet. "Get those lights on, Hart. Fast!" Swain grated. His eyes widened as the room filled with light. Jane Winters, her face white, was rising from the floor, where Fats lay groaning, clutching his shoulder.

Jane ran to Swain. "Oh, Ed," she cried. "They were going to hold me until the trial to keep me from writing the story. Hart and Fats had a fight about it."

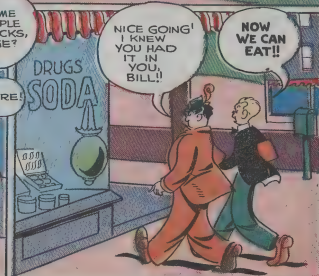
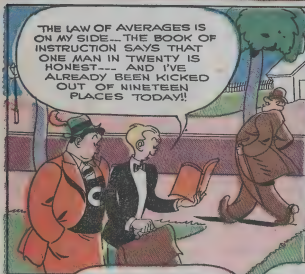
Swain glared at her as he picked up Fats' gun. "I told you to keep out of this kind of business," he said savagely. He motioned to Hart. "Call a doctor," he said. "I'm taking you and Fats in."

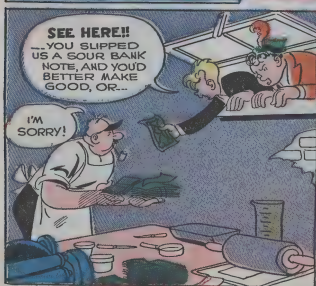
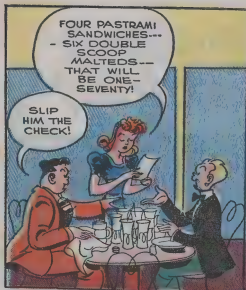
Hart had recovered his bravado. "You can't intimidate me, Swain," he said. "Until action is taken, Fats is still my client. And my office will see that he gets off. His alibi is perfect."

Swain wet his lips. "Sure, sure," he said. "And we're going to let Fats tell his story." He grinned at Fats, who was staring at him. "It wasn't a bad alibi, Fats," he said. "Of course, just because the papers said the man was murdered at 9:10 doesn't mean the time was exact. It was approximately that. Might have been five, even ten minutes, one way or another. But you were pretty safe in figuring you could make contact with the fire engines that had responded to your false alarm. Sure enough, you hit the truck at 9:10.

"Sure," Swain said. "But you said you heard the siren! Remember? But you didn't know, Fats, that a fire truck only sounds a siren going to a fire? You hit the truck, coming back—and they always ring only the bells on a return trip!"

# BUSY BILL *the* BILL COLLECTOR





# FUNNYBONERS

HAVE YOU GOT  
ANY NICKLE  
ERASERS?

SORRY, SIR —  
WE ONLY CARRY  
THE RUBBER  
KIND!

THIS  
STATIONER  
STORE  
WILL  
MOVE  
SOON —

YES,  
DEAR!

A LETTER JUST  
CAME FOR YOU...  
IT'S MARKED  
PRIVATE AND  
PERSONAL!

ALL I DID  
WAS TO ASK  
HER WHAT IT  
SAID!

THE BIG GUY CAN'T READ  
AND HE GOT A LOVE LETTER  
FROM HIS GAL SO HE'S MAKIN'  
THE LITTLE GUY READ IT TO  
HIM, BUT KEEP HIS EARS  
COVERED SO HE CAN'T  
HEAR IT!

CLEVER!

Philip Space Says —  
FOLKS USUALLY  
GROAN WHEN YA  
PULL A PUN 'CAUSE  
THEY DIDN'T THINK  
OF IT FIRST.



WHAT'S YA  
HURRY, ?  
JIPSUM!

GOTTA GET THE ARM-  
LESS MAN'S AUTO-  
GRAPH BEFORE HE  
PUTS HIS SOCKS  
AND SHOES ON!

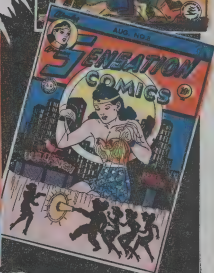
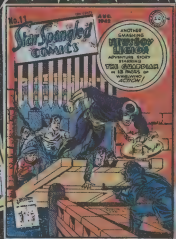
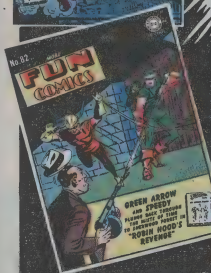
TO THE  
CIRCUS

GASKE! — YOUR HAND WRITING  
IS TERRIBLE! YOU'LL  
HAVE TO LEARN TO  
WRITE BETTER!

OH, YEAH! —  
AND THEN YOU'LL  
CATCH WISE I  
CAN'T SPELL!



**THE  
BIG  
EIGHT!**  
"TOPS"  
IN  
MONTHLY COMIC  
MAGAZINES



**NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!**



# BATMAN



WITH  
**ROBIN**

BOB  
KANE



Tick!  
Tock!

Tick!  
Tock!

Tick!  
Tock!

Tick!  
Tock!

Tick!

Tick!

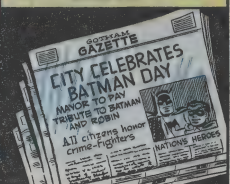
Tick!

Tick!

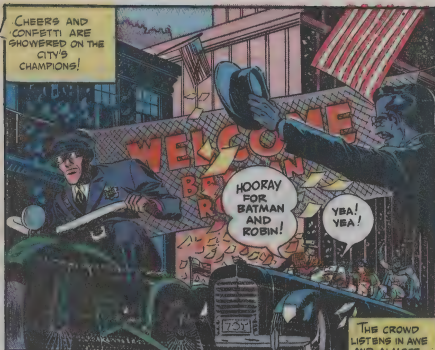
Tick!

EVERY DAY, DAY IN AND DAY OUT... TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY HE'S ON THE JOB.  
**WHO'S THE BATMAN!**  
HE'S ALWAYS THERE... TO HELP ADVISE, CHAMPION THE WEAK, PUNISH THE WRONG!  
THIS TALE IS A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE BATMAN— HIS BREATHING, EATING, HEADLINE-MAKING EXPLOITS, AND, TOO, ALL THOSE MANY PERSONAL INCIDENTS IN HIS DAILY LIFE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD ABOUT... THAT PAINSTAKING ROUTINE THOSE SCIENTIFIC HABITS THAT GO TO MAKE THE BATMAN ALL HE IS... AND MORE!  
YES, THIS IS THE STORY... AND THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE NAME FOR IT...  
**"AROUND THE CLOCK WITH the Batmans!"**

THE GIANT PRESSES ROLL OUT AN EXTRA... FOR THIS IS A NEWS-MAKING DAY IN GOTHAM CITY!!



CHEERS AND  
CONFETTI ARE  
SHOWERED ON THE  
CITY'S  
CHAMPIONS!

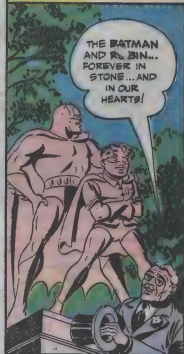


HOORAY  
FOR  
BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN!

YEA!  
YEA!

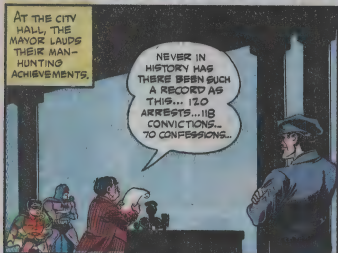
THE CROWD  
LISTENS IN AWE  
AND ALMOST  
DISBELIEF TO  
THE LONG LIST  
OF AMAZING  
FACTS! A  
BANKER...

A MONUMENT TO THEIR CEASE-  
LESS CRIME CRUSADE IS UN-  
VEILED!



THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN...  
FOREVER IN  
STONE...AND  
IN OUR  
HEARTS!

AT THE CITY  
HALL, THE  
MAYOR LAUDS  
THEIR MAN-  
HUNTING  
ACHIEVEMENTS.



NEVER IN  
HISTORY HAS  
THERE BEEN SUCH  
A RECORD AS  
THIS... 120  
ARRESTS... 118  
CONVICTIONS...  
70 CONFESSIONS...

...ENCOUNTERED  
AND DEFEATED  
THE JOKER SIX  
TIMES. THE  
PENGUIN, ETC.  
ETC...

I THOUGHT  
I WAS BUSY  
WITH MY  
BANK AND  
STOCKS, BUT  
THIS BEATS  
ME!



A HOUSEWIFE ...

AND I COMPLAIN  
ABOUT PREPARING  
MEALS, CLEANING  
HOUSE, IRONING,  
GETTING JOHNNY OFF  
TO SCHOOL!



AND A CROOK...

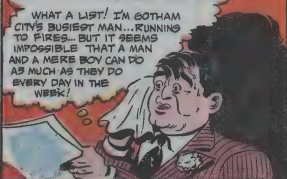
THE WAY THAT GUY  
GETS AROUND TO SHOVE US  
GUYS IN THE CLINK, WE  
MUST BE QUADRUPLETS!



EVEN THAT HUSTLING, BUSTLING LITTLE DYNAMO  
OF ENERGY, THE MAYOR, IS ASTOUNDED!

...JAILED THE SCARECROW...ETC...

WHAT A LIST! I'M GOTHAM  
CITY'S BUSIEST MAN...RUNNING  
TO FIRES... BUT IT SEEMS  
IMPOSSIBLE THAT A MAN  
AND A MERE BOY CAN DO  
AS MUCH AS THEY DO  
EVERY DAY IN THE  
WEEK!



IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE...  
BUT LET'S SEE! LET'S  
TAKE A DAY, ANY  
DAY... AND SPEND IT  
WITH THE BATMAN  
AND SEE HOW IT  
IS POSSIBLE!

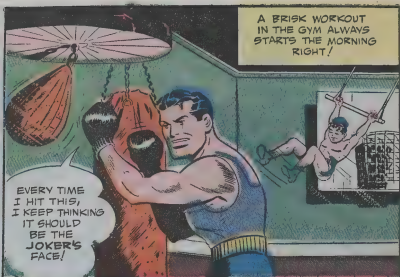




C'MON, KID!  
IT'S REVEILLE!  
SHAKE THE  
DUST OUT OF  
YOUR  
EYES!

BZZ...  
YEAH...  
SURE...  
BZZ...

AND SO THE DAY BEGINS!



A BRISK WORKOUT  
IN THE GYM ALWAYS  
STARTS THE MORNING  
RIGHT!

EVERY TIME  
I HIT THIS,  
I KEEP THINKING  
IT SHOULD  
BE THE  
JOKER'S  
FACE!



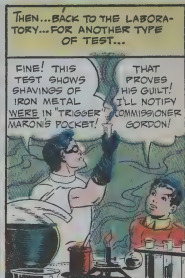
THEN... A GOOD HEARTY BREAKFAST!

NOW I  
FEEL READY  
FOR ANYTHING!  
WHAT'S FIRST  
ON THE  
PROGRAM?

I WANT TO  
TEST  
THAT NEW  
WING PLACE-  
MENT ON  
THE  
BATPLANE!



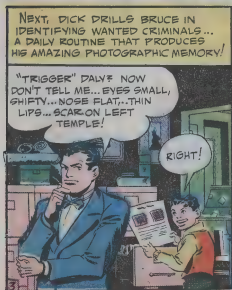
INTO THE AIR AS  
THE BATPLANE  
SPINS, TURNS,  
POWER-DIVES  
IN A GRUELING  
TEST THAT SOME  
DAY MAY SAVE  
THEIR LIVES!



THEN... BACK TO THE LABORA-  
TORY... FOR ANOTHER TYPE  
OF TEST...

FINE! THIS  
TEST SHOWS  
SHAVINGS OF  
IRON METAL  
WERE IN 'TRIGGER'  
MARON'S POCKET!

THAT  
PROVES  
HIS GUILT!  
I'LL NOTIFY  
COMMISSIONER  
GORDON!



NEXT, DICK DRILLS BRUCE IN  
IDENTIFYING WANTED CRIMINALS...  
A DAILY ROUTINE THAT PRODUCES  
HIS AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY!

"TRIGGER" DALVE NOW  
DON'T TELL ME... EYES SMALL,  
SHIFTY... NOSE FLAT... THIN  
LIPS... SCAR ON LEFT  
TEMPLE!

RIGHT!



OUT AGAIN, IN COSTUME...  
TO BUY AND HELP SELL  
WAR SAVINGS BONDS.

C'MON, FELLOW  
AMERICANS...  
EVERY BOND  
YOU BUY BLUNTS  
THE AX OF  
THE AXIS!

GIVE ME  
A HUNDRED  
DOLLARS'  
WORTH!

BUY  
A BOND  
AND BEAT  
THE BUND!

## HOME AGAIN... AND HOMEWORK...

OKAY, ROBIN...  
DO YOUR LESSONS  
AND SOME DAY  
YOU MAY BE  
PRESIDENT!

YOU'RE GOING TO  
WORK ON YOUR  
BOOK AGAIN.  
EH? WHAT'S  
THE TITLE?

"OBSERVATIONS  
ON CRIME"  
A FILE OF MY  
CASES WITH  
NOTES ON THE  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
ASPECTS OF  
CRIME!

AND THE  
PROCEEDS GO TO  
THE RED  
CROSS, EH?  
SWELL! BUT WHY  
THE WORRIED  
LOOK?

**I'M STUCK!**  
I CAN'T GET AN  
IDEA FOR THE LAST  
CHAPTER... AND THE  
PUBLISHER'S DEADLINE  
IS MONDAY! IF I COULD  
ONLY THINK OF  
SOMETHING!

NOT A GLIMMER!  
WHAT I NEED IS A  
CASE TO WRITE  
ABOUT. MAYBE  
COMMISSIONER GORDON  
HAS ONE FOR ME.  
COMING, ROBIN?

MINUTES LATER,  
AN EERIE  
CRAFT STREAKS  
FROM A SECRET  
HANGAR INTO  
THE AFTERNOON  
SKY... THE  
BATPLANE!

SAY, MAYBE  
YOU WON'T  
HAVE TO GO TO  
GOTHAM CITY  
FOR THAT  
CASE!

WHY  
NOT,  
ROBIN?

BECAUSE  
THERE'S A  
ROBBERY  
GOING ON  
DOWN  
THERE!

DOWN SWOOPS  
THE BATPLANE  
TO HOVER MOTION-  
LESS ABOVE  
THE BUILDING!

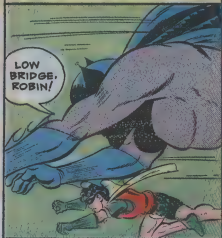
THROUGH THE  
JEWELRY STORE  
SKYLIGHT CRASH  
THE TWIN  
CRIME-  
CRACKERS!



EAGER FINGERS TUG AT  
TRIGGERS... AND FOUR GUNS  
BELCH FLAME AND LEAD...



BUT THE ACROBATMAN AND ROBIN  
WHIP INTO A SPLIT-INSTANT PLUNGE...



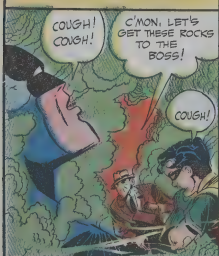
...AND SLAM  
INTO THE  
MASSSED  
THUGS!



THE CRACKLE  
OF GUNFIRE  
IS REPLACED  
BY THE  
CRACK OF  
FISTS AGAINST  
BONE!



A SUDDEN PLOP AND...**TEAR GAS...**



COUGH!  
COUGH!

C'MON, LET'S  
GET THESE ROCKS  
TO THE  
BOSS!

COUGH!

HAW! TEAR GAS  
CAN'T HURT US...  
WITH THESE  
CHEMICALLY  
TREATED  
HANDKERCHIEFS  
ON!



(COUGH)  
**ROBIN...**  
QUICK...  
(COUGH)...  
TO THE  
**BATPLANE!**

LIKE A GIANT BIRD, THE  
WINGED SHAPE PURSUES ITS  
HUMAN PREY!

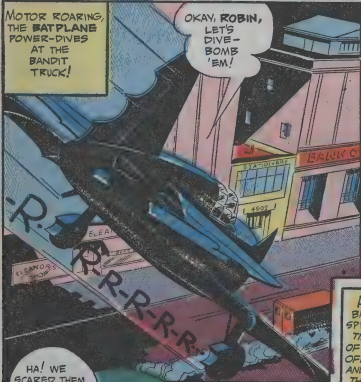
WELL, WHY  
DON'T WE GO  
DOWN  
AND STOP  
THEIR GETAWAY  
TRUCK?

NOT YET!  
I WANT THEM  
TO LEAD US  
TO THEIR BOSS...  
SO WE'LL  
FOLLOW THEM...  
**OUR OWN  
WAY!**

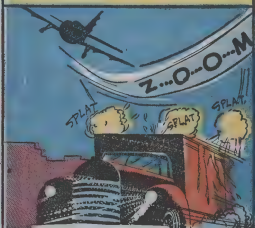


MOTOR ROARING,  
THE **BATPLANE**  
POWER-DIVES  
AT THE  
BANDIT  
TRUCK!

OKAY, ROBIN,  
LET'S  
DIVE-  
BOMB  
'EM!



AND AS THE **BAT-SHAPED CRAFT**  
PULLS OUT, SMALL HURLED  
CAPSULES SPLASH OPEN!



AND SO THE  
BANDITS' TRUCK  
SPEEDS AWAY...AS  
TINY DROPS  
OF LIQUID ROLL  
OFF ITS SURFACE  
AND SPLATTER  
THE STREETS!

BUT IN THE **BATPLANE...**

OKAY, ROBIN...  
ON WITH  
OUR INFR-  
RED  
GLASSES!

HA! WE  
SCARED THEM  
OFF! THEY'RE  
FLYING  
AWAY!



THEY GOT COLD  
FEET...OKAY, NOW  
WE CAN PUT THE  
SIGN OUT-  
SIDE!



AND...MIRACLE OF SCIENCE...  
SEEN THRU THE INFRA-RED  
LINES, THE CHEMICALLY TREAT-  
ED LIQUID GROWS WEIRDLY!



SOME TIME LATER, THE TRAIL ENDS  
AT AN OUTDOOR SCULPTURE SHOW!



FOUR INDIGNANT MEN ARE  
TAKEN INTO CUSTODY!



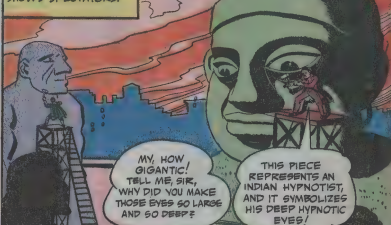
THIS IS MR.  
HODGE,  
THE ART  
CONNOISSEUR  
HE SAYS  
THESE MEN  
ARE  
OKAY!

YES, WE BUY  
MATERIALS FROM THEM  
BECAUSE THEIR  
PRICES ARE LOW!

IF THE JEWELS AREN'T  
IN THE TRUCK, THEY  
MUST BE IN THE  
SCULPTURE  
EXHIBIT!



SOME TIME LATER...  
AN OLD COUPLE JOINS  
THE SCULPTURE  
SHOWS SPECTATORS!



EVERYONE HERE  
SEEMS TO BE A  
GENUINELY FINE  
SCULPTOR...TO  
JUDGE BY  
THESE PIECES!

NOTHING  
PHONEY ABOUT  
THEM,  
MAYBE THIS  
ISN'T THE  
JEWEL CACHE  
AFTER ALL!

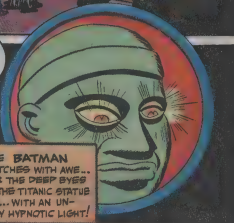


YES...THESE  
TWO ARE NONE  
OTHER THAN  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN IN  
DISGUISE!



WHEN I  
STOOD  
HERE A  
MINUTE AGO,  
IT SEEMED  
AS IF THE EYES  
IN THAT STATUE  
LOOKED ALIVE!  
THERE! SEE  
IT!

THE BATMAN  
WATCHES WITH AWE...  
FOR THE DEEP EYES  
OF THE TITANIC STATUE  
GLAZE...WITH AN UN-  
EARTHLY HYPNOTIC LIGHT!



*Abruptly...*  
DISGUISES  
ARE DISCARDED...  
AND THE  
DYNAMIC DUO  
SPRINGS  
FORWARD...

B-BATMAN  
AND  
R-ROBIN!

YES...WE'VE  
COME BACK FOR THE  
JEWELS!



YOU...  
YOU'LL  
NEVER  
GET  
THEM!

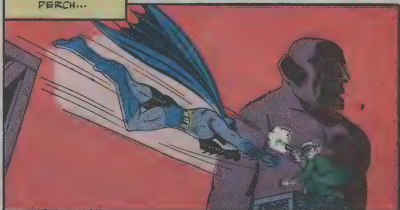
WHAT'LL  
YOU  
BET?



EVEN AS THE  
BANDITS SCRAMBLE  
UP LADDERS,  
THE BATMAN  
DIVES FROM HIS  
PERCH...

SUDDENLY LEAD WHINES, SMACKS INTO  
STONE, AND SENDS THE CHIPS BITING  
INTO THE DUO'S FACES!

I HAD A  
HUNCH WE  
SHOULDA COME  
BACK! TWO OF  
YOU GUYS CLIMB  
UP THE LADDER  
AND BLAST THE  
BATMAN OFF  
THERE!



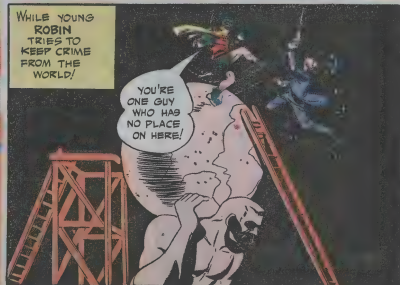
... AND SLAMS INTO A TRIGGER-  
MAD THUG!

KEEP  
'EM  
FLYING!



WHILE YOUNG  
ROBIN  
TRIES TO  
KEEP CRIME  
FROM THE  
WORLD!

YOU'RE  
ONE GUY  
WHO HAS  
NO PLACE  
ON HERE!



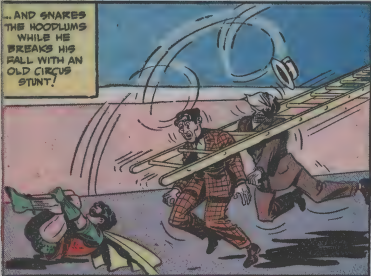
THEN...THE  
WAIL OF A  
POLICE  
SIREN!



BUT ALREADY  
ROBIN RIDES A  
SCAFFOLD  
LADDER  
THAT  
ARCS  
DOWN...



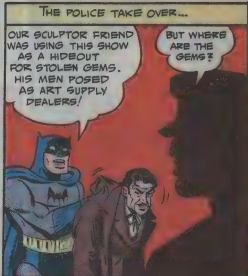
...AND SNAKES  
THE HOODLUMS  
WHILE HE  
BREAKS HIS  
FALL WITH AN  
OLD CIRCUS  
STUNT!



THE POLICE TAKE OVER...

OUR SCULPTOR FRIEND  
WAS USING THIS SHOW  
AS A HIDEOUT  
FOR STOLEN GEMS.  
HIS MEN POSED  
AS ART SUPPLY  
DEALERS!

BUT WHERE  
ARE THE  
GEMS?



HIGH ATOP A SCAFFOLD, THE BATMAN  
REACHES INTO THE STONE INDIAN'S  
EYES, AND...

THE  
JEWELS!

WHEN I SAW THE  
STATUES EYES BLAZE WITH  
LIGHT, I REALIZED THEN  
THAT ONLY JEWELS HIDDEN  
IN THE EYES COULD CAUSE  
THAT SPARKLE...WHEN  
THEY WERE STRUCK BY  
SUNLIGHT!



GENTLEMEN, THE  
SCULPTURE SHOW  
IS SPONSORED  
BY A CON-  
SERVATIVE PATRON.  
THIS UNFAVOR-  
ABLE PUBLICITY  
WOULD PUT US  
IN A BAD  
LIGHT... HE  
MIGHT WITHDRAW  
HIS SUPPORT!

DON'T  
WORRY, I'LL  
SEE THAT  
THIS IS  
KEPT OUT  
OF THE  
PAPERS!

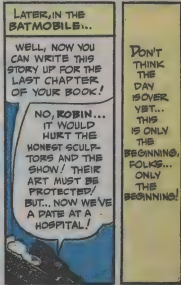


LATER, IN THE  
BATMOBILE...

WELL, NOW YOU  
CAN WRITE THIS  
STORY UP FOR THE  
LAST CHAPTER  
OF YOUR BOOK!

NO, ROBIN...  
IT WOULD  
HURT THE  
HONEST SCULP-  
TORS AND THE  
SHOW! THEIR  
ART MUST BE  
PROTECTED!  
BUT... NOW WE'VE  
A DATE AT A  
HOSPITAL!

DON'T  
THINK  
THE  
DAY  
IS OVER  
YET...  
THIS  
IS ONLY  
THE  
BEGINNING,  
FOLKS...  
ONLY  
THE  
BEGINNING!



AT A HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN WHO ARE VICTIMS OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS, BATMAN AND ROBIN PUT ON A SHOW!

GEE! LOOKA THAT! I WISH I COULD DO THAT!

AFTERWARDS... AUTOGRAPHS FOR ALL!

"TO OUR DEAR FRIEND, FRANKIE, SINCERELY, Batman and Robin." GEE WHIZ! GOLLY!

Late... ALMOST NINE O'CLOCK... AND HOMEWARD BOUND...

GOSH, I'M GLAD WE MADE THOSE KIDS A LITTLE HAPPY! THEY SURE ARE A BRAVE BUNCH, GRINNING IN SPITE OF EVERY THING!

YES, AND IF PEOPLE CONTINUE TO GIVE TO THE MARCH OF DIMES... SOME DAY THOSE KIDS WILL BE ABLE TO WALK LIKE OTHER CHILDREN!

THEN... STRAIGHT AHEAD...

SAY, LOOK AT THAT CROWD! WONDER WHAT'S UP?

WHAT'S UP?... A WOULD-BE SUICIDE ON A HIGH BUILDING LEDGE!

SHE'S GETTING READY TO JUMP!

DON'T DO IT!

LOOK, SHE'LL KILL HERSELF!

A POLICEMAN VAINLY COAXES THE GIRL TO ABANDON HER DEATH PLUNGE...

NOW... WHY DON'T YOU COME INSIDE? YOU'LL CATCH A COLD OUT THERE!

STOP! IF YOU COME OUT, I'LL JUMP! I SWEAR IT! I'LL JUMP!

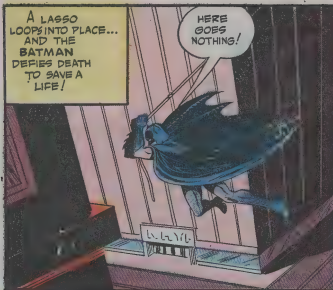
THE DYNAMIC DUO RACES TO THE ROOF OF AN ADJOINING BUILDING!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT GIRL! SEE THAT FLAGPOLE JUTTING OUT THERE?

I GET YOU... BUT THE STUNT IS A LONG SHOT. I'D BETTER TELL THE POLICEMAN TO KEEP TALKING TO OCCUPY HER!

A LASSO LOOPS INTO PLACE...  
AND THE  
BATMAN  
DEFIES DEATH  
TO SAVE A  
LIFE!

HERE  
GOES  
NOTHING!



...AND AS THE POLICEMAN HOLDS THE  
GIRL'S ATTENTION...

LOOK...WE'VE  
GOT A MOVIE STAR  
IN HERE WHO  
WANTS TO MEET  
YOU. HE'S  
WAITING!

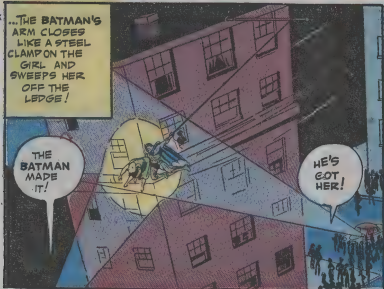
YOU'RE  
TRYING TO  
TRICK ME!  
GET INSIDE  
OR I'LL JUMP!



...THE BATMAN'S  
ARM CLOSES  
LIKE A STEEL  
CLAMP ON THE  
GIRL AND  
SWEEPS HER  
OFF THE  
LEDGE!

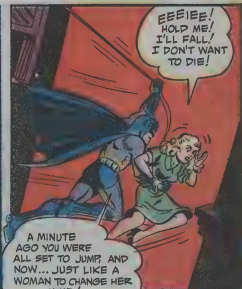
THE  
BATMAN  
MADE  
IT!

HE'S  
GOT  
HER!



EEEEEE!  
HOLD ME!  
I'LL FALL!  
I DON'T WANT  
TO DIE!

A MINUTE  
AGO YOU WERE  
ALL SET TO JUMP, AND  
NOW... JUST LIKE A  
WOMAN TO CHANGE HER  
MIND!



LATER...AFTER THE GIRL RESTS ON SAFE  
GROUND...

YOU'RE OKAY  
NOW! I HOPE  
YOU'RE NOT THINKING  
OF TRYING THAT  
JUMP  
AGAIN!

N-NO!...I THINK  
I'D RATHER  
LIVE! I'D  
LIKE TO GO  
BACK TO MY  
ROOM NOW!



WHEN THE GIRL LEAVES...

BANDITS... RAIDED THE  
BANK DOWN THE STREET  
A FEW MINUTES AGO! SHOT  
THE GUARD...HE'S DYING,  
BUT HE SPOTTED THE  
LEADER..."HEIST"  
ANDREWS!

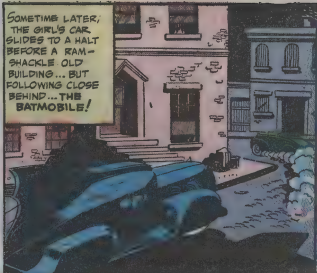
WHAT?



MAYBE THAT  
GIRL WAS  
SCARED WHEN  
YOU SAVED  
HER...BE-  
CAUSE SHE  
DIDN'T  
INTEND  
TO JUMP!

PERHAPS IT WAS  
AN ACT TO DRAW  
THE COPS AWAY  
FROM THE  
BANK?  
"HEIST"  
ANDREWS...  
HMM?





THE HURRICANE ACTION OF THE TYPHOON TEAM PANICS THE HOODLUMS AND...

MAKE WAY FER A GUY WHAT'S IN A HURRY!

ONE SIDE!

BUT THE WORD "ESCAPE" IS KNOCKED RIGHT OUT OF THE THUG'S VOCABULARY!

ASHES TO ASHES...



RIGHT BEHIND YOU, PAL!



FROM NOW ON, "HEIST"—YOU'RE GOING TO BE SINGING THE "PRISONER'S SONG". AND IT WON'T BE A SOLO, EITHER!

LATER... AT THE JAIL, A THUG MAKES A SHAMFUL PLEA ...

LOOK! MY MOM'S PRETTY SICK... SHE AIN'T WISE I'M A CROOK... IF SHE READS ABOUT IT, THE SHOCK WILL KILL HER!

ALL RIGHT... FOR YOUR MOTHER'S SAKE, WE'LL KEEP THIS OUT OF THE PAPERS.

OH-H-H! THERE GOES MY LAST CHAPTER AGAIN!

STILL LATER... HOME AGAIN FOR THE CRIME-FIGHTERS...

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T WRITE THAT STORY UP! WHAT ABOUT YOU LAST CHAPTER NOW?

YOU TELL ME! I'VE GOT TO WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING... BUT WHAT? ...WHAT?

I'VE GOT IT! WHY DON'T YOU STOP BEING SO MODEST AND WRITE ABOUT OUR DAY'S MORNING WORKOUT, EXPERIMENTS... EVERYTHING!

DICK... YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER! I THINK I'LL CALL THE CHAPTER... AROUND THE CLOCK WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN!"

AND SO TO BED!

AND SO ENDS A TYPICAL DAY WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN!... BUT... SHH! LET'S NOT TALK SO LOUD WE MIGHT WAKE THEM! THEY ARE GETTING A GOOD SLEEP! DON'T YOU THINK THEY DESERVE IT?

# A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS <sup>and</sup> GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

**-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY-**

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY  
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

**FOR VICTORY**



**BUY  
UNITED  
STATES  
SAVINGS  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS**

THIS  
SPACE IS  
DONATED BY THE  
PUBLISHERS OF THIS  
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF  
NATIONAL DEFENSE <sup>and</sup> **VICTORY!**

# PRESENTING the New DAISY DEFENDER

## 1000- SHOT MILITARY MODEL

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own DAISY Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

IN THIS  
BEAUTIFUL  
CARTON



**FREE!** Send post card for Daisy Air Rifle Catalog and Boy's Manual of Arms (military drills, commands, shooting positions, etc.)—both sent FREE. Write now!



*Featuring*

- ★ MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING (For carrying Defender, steadier aiming)★
- ★ DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT (For Windage... left and right—for Elevation... up or down)★
- ★ AUTOMATIC BOLT ACTION SAFETY (Cocking puts Safety Bolt on)★
- ★ FULL-LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE★
- ★ LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION (Load 1000-shot in 20 seconds)★
- ★ OVAL STOCK—WALNUT FINISH

Get  
the Famous  
**RED RYDER**

(LICENSED BY STEPHEN BARBER'S INC. & F.)

**Saddle CARBINE**

If you can't get a Daisy Defender, join the hundreds of thousands of boys who own the RED RYDER Cowboy Carbine—the most popular Daisy in history! Features: Husky Carbine Bands—Genuine Western Carbine Ring—16-Inch Leather Thong knotted to Ring—Carbine Style Fore-piece—Lightning-Loader—RED RYDER'S picture, signature and Horse "Thunder" branded on Pistol Grip Stock. At your Dealer's, or send us \$3 and we'll mail CARBINE postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

**\$3**

ONLY  
**\$5**

Duty added  
in Canada

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 9312 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

**SCANNING**  
**SUPERSCAN**